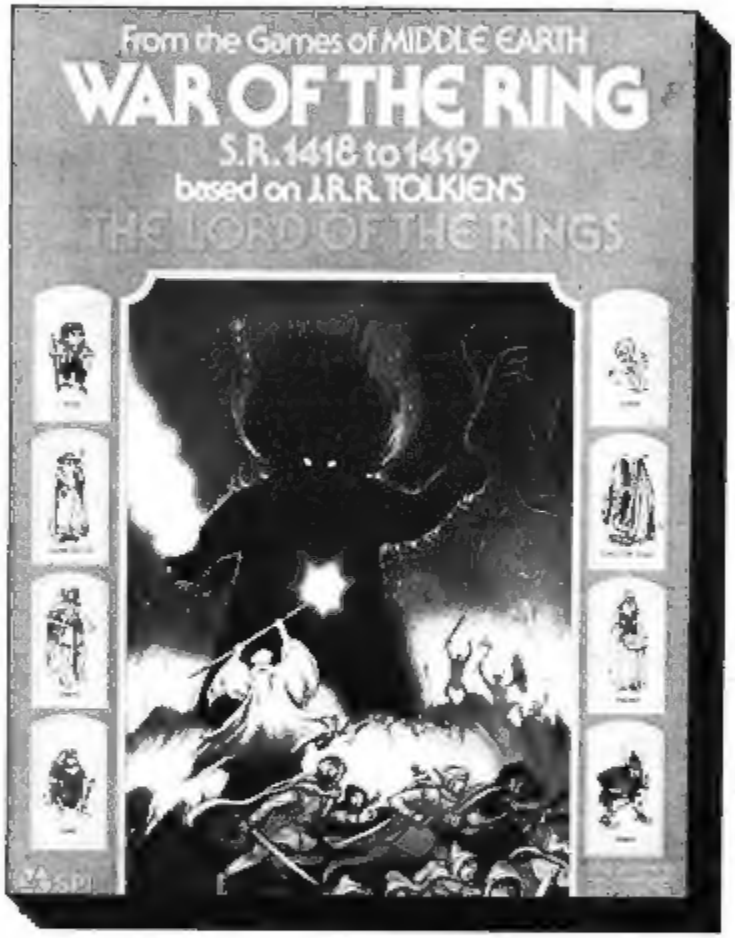
HEAVY METAL
Jan. 1978
$1.50
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES

A MAJOR FANTASY PUBLISHING EVENT:

WAR OF THE RING

based on J.R.R. TOLKIEN'S

THE LORD OF THE RINGS



Middle Earth comes alive in this fascinating new game version of J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*. Every major character is yours to control as the Fellowship forms to oppose the forces of the Dark Lord. All the significant events of the Trilogy–from the Council of Elrond to the climactic encounter at the Crack of Doom–are re-created for you to experience. Middle Earth is yours to explore on the beautiful 31" × 34" four-color game map as you assume the roles of your favorite Tolkien characters and lead your armies into battle for control of the Ring. ***War of the Ring*** is not a frivolous parlor game; rather it is the authorized, authentic portrayal of the richly detailed mythical world of J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*.

War of the Ring has been specially designed by **SPI**, the leading publisher of history, fantasy, and science-fiction simulation games. ***War of the Ring*** is available now at better book and game stores, nationwide. Ask your dealer for it–or order directly by mail from **SPI**.

Your ***War of the Ring*** game contains:

★ Big two-piece, four-color game map of Middle Earth printed on heavy cardstock ★ 112 laminated playing cards depicting characters and events ★ 400 multi-color playing pieces ★ Illustrated and annotated rules booklet ★ Handsome three-color cover with illustrations by artist Tim Kirk ★ Compartmented, plastic storage box.

SPI publishes a complete line of simulation games. Send for our free brochure. SPI is also the publisher of ***Strategy & Tactics Magazine***, the bi-monthly military history magazine that comes complete with its own simulation game. See the coupon for subscription rates►

War of the Ring is produced by SPI. Licensed by Tolkien Enterprises, a division of Elan Merchandising, Inc., Berkeley, California 94710. Unauthorized use of Tolkien names, characters, or places is strictly prohibited. © Copyright 1977 by Tolkien Enterprises, a division of Elan Merchandising, Inc.

SPI has been serving customers by mail since 1970

Send check or money order to:

SPI, Dept. 979
44 East 23rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10010

Please send me the following games:

☐ **War of the Ring**-$15.00

☐ **Middle Earth** (a three-game set including ***War of the Ring*** plus two smaller Middle Earth battle games, ***Gondor*** and ***Sauron***)-$20.00

Please enter my subscription to Strategy & Tactics Magazine:

☐ 1 year (6 issues):$14 ☐ 2 years (12 issues):$26

☐ 3 years (18 issues):$36 ☐ please send free brochure

*Name (print)*_____

*Street*_____ *Apt#*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Zip*_____

Prices apply to all orders deliverable to USA or APO/FPO addresses. Allow three weeks for delivery. Payment must accompany order. New York residents add sales tax. Foreign customers add $2 surcharge to any order-US funds only. Products are returnable for cash or credit (specify) if returned intact with 15 days of receipt.

THIS LINE FOR OFFICE USE ONLY: CUS CODE TOTAL CREDIT POSTAGE TAX

Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 10 January 1978

CONTENTS

. . . Subsequently . . ., 4
Ulysses, by **Homer, Lob and Pichard**, 5
The Time Warp, by **Clerc**, 21
Talapalca, By **Hé**, 26
Den, by **Corben**, 33
The Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius, by **Moebius**, 41
Miss *Heavy Metal* 1978, by **Meehan**, 48
1996, by **Montellier**, 51
Chain Mail, 56
Space Soap Opera, by **Helme**, 59
Conquering Armies, by **Dionnet and Gal**, 60
A Rose for Ecclesiastes, by **Zelazny and Morrow**, 77
Front cover by **Val Mayerik**
Back cover by **Bob Aull**

Graphic story version, "A Rose for Ecclesiastes," by Roger Zelazny and Gray Morrow, copyright © 1978, Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc. Original story, copyright © 1967, by Roger Zelazny.

"Ulysses," by Homer, Lob and Pichard, excerpted from *Ulysse*, copyright © 1974 Dargaud Editeur. "Den," copyright © 1973, by Richard Corben. "The Time Warp," by Clerc, "Talapalca," by Hé, "The Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius," by Moebius, "1996," by Montellier, "Space Soap Opera," by Helme, "Conquering Armies," by Dionnet and Gal are all from *Metal Hurlant*, copyright © 1976 and 1977. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L. F. Editions, Les Humanoides Associés-Paris. Reprinted by permission.

Editors: **Sean Kelly, Valerie Marchant**
Copy Editor: **Susan Davies**
Foreign Rights Manager: **Barbara Sabatino**
Design Director: **Peter Kleiman**
Associate Editor: **Julie Simmons**
Assoc. Publisher & Adver. Director: **William T. Lippe**
Production Manager: **George Agoglia, Jr.**
Art Directors: **John Workman and Harry Blumfield**
Circulation Director: **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
Publishers: **Matty Simmons, Leonard Mogel**
Advertising Manager: **Robin Cook**

HEAVY COMIX!

From the depths of the "underground" come fabulous tales of sword and sorcery, of future worlds, of alien beings. These books represent some of the best American illustrated fantasy, printed in the original underground comix, exuberant and uninhibited. You must be 18 or over to order these collections of outstanding comic art.

SLOW DEATH

Tales of ecological disaster, visions of the decaying and violent earth of the future by foremost artists like Richard Corben (author of *Den*), Rand Holmes, William Stout, Jaxon, Sheridan, Irons and more. $1.00 each. *Slow Death Package*: issues No. 2 through No. 7, 6 comix for **$6.00**

STAR REACH

The best "straight" cartoonists try their hand at the freedom of expression available only in the underground. Artists like Howard Chaykin, Frank Brunner and more bring a new spirit of adventure to their professional styles. 48 pages in each issue for $1.25. *Star Reach Package*: issues No. 1 through No. 8, 8 comix for **$10.00**

SNATCH SAMPLER

In such titles as *Snatch* and *Jiz*, talented satirists like Robert Crumb, S. Clay Wilson, Robert Williams and others of *Zap Comics* fame, took the filthy 8-pagers of the 30's a few steps further. Collected together for the first time in book form are 160 pages of these hilarious, totally unrestrained sexual parodies. **$2.95**

KRUPP CATALOG

You've never seen a catalog like this before!

Our latest giant mail order catalog contains listings of over 250 underground comix plus fantasy books and posters, T-Shirts, books on drugs, pipes, papers and smoking supplies. Over 1,000 products. Delivered by first class mail for just **$1.00**, which is refundable with your first order.

Bonus: *Order any product listed on this page and get our giant catalog FREE!*

___ **Slow Death Package** $6.00 ea
___ **Star Reach Package** $10.00 ea.
___ **The Snatch Sampler** $2.95 ea.
___ **The Krupp Catalog** $1.00 ea.
(free with an order!)

Minimum order, $3.00. Include 50¢ with each order for postage. Master Charge and Bank-Americard accepted. Include **all** numbers & signature. Make checks payable to: Krupp Mail Order, Ltd.

Sign here:
I am 18 or older _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: **Krupp Mail Order, Ltd.**
P.O. Box 9090, Dept. SD-2
Boulder, Co. 80301

...SUBSEQUENTLY...

First, the good news.

In deepest Germany, we find a city called Frankfurt, which the Huns kidnapped from the Belgians thousands of years ago, and which the Belgians won't take back. To this town went the publisher of *Heavy Metal* recently, to attend a book fair, to which, cunningly disguised as a book, he gained admittance. From Frankfurt he returned, with a mild case of schnitzel-breath and a portmanteau full of weirdness. Within the latter are many science-fiction-fantasy pages from French magazine, *Pilote*, all of it every bit as strange as the stuff from *Metal Hurlant* we've been using here...and a new *Barbarella* book, detailing the furthur adventures of the Queen of the Cosmos...and a truly freaky Druillet illuminated manuscript called "Urm"...all of which we will have the honor to present to you in upcoming issues of *HM*. This is the good news to those of us who put together and/or read the magazine.

But it is—or will be taken as—bad news by the local talent. All kinds of unorthodox, nonscheduled, semiprofessional, sensational, or stupid work in the s/f fantasy comic art hallucination field is indeed being executed by red-blooded American boys and girls. Many of these works are lugged in, mailed in, phoned in, or magically materialize in this office. Some of it we have used and will use. But at a meeting of the editorial board I held with myself in the shower recently, it was decided that *HM* will not attempt to do everything at once, and will continue to emphasize European, especially French, material contrary to the wishes of such American hewers of wood nymphs and drawers of water babies as would like to appear here, and feel that our usual three to one ratio is downright unpatriotic.

Tough.

P.S. The publisher sez advise potential contributors to try Frankfurt. It seems they're crazy for American stuff over there....

Plug: The story "A Rose for Ecclesiastes," which adorns our pages this month, is one of a trio of Roger Zelazny classics that have been illustrated by Gray Morrow, all three soon to be released in book form by Baronet. Mr. Morrow's own eight part epic swashbuckler, "Orion," will appear in the March *Heavy Metal*. We told Gray we would be starting it last month, and he met his deadline. Let that be a lesson to him.

HM COMMUNICATIONS, INC., is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman **Matty Simmons** President **Leonard Mogel**
Sr. Vice-President, Circulation **George S. Apaglia**
Vice-President, Finance **Charles Schneider**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jarofsky**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **William T. Lippe**

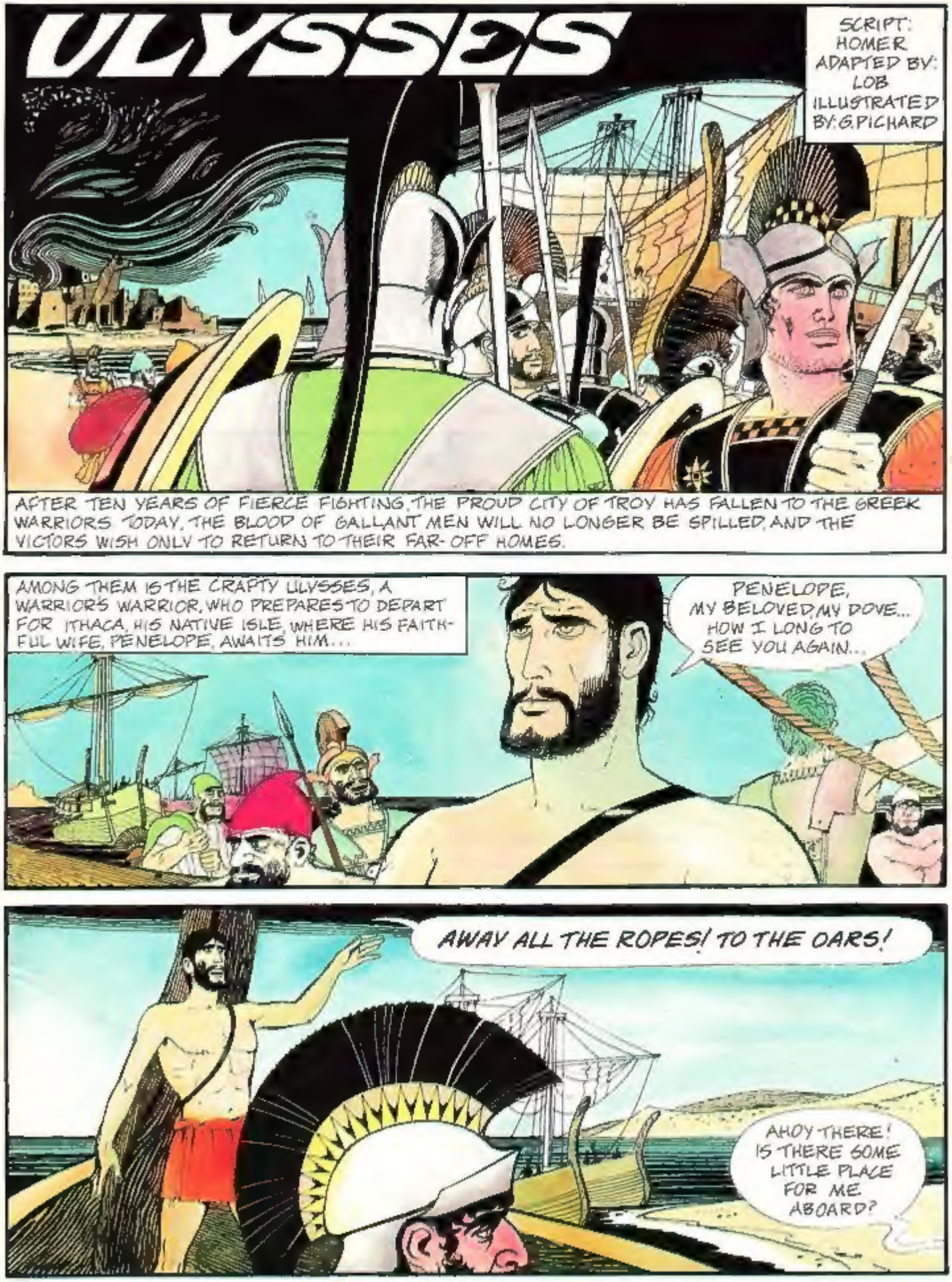
HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE: "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. Copyright © 1977 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico, $2.00 for foreign. Application for mailing second-class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

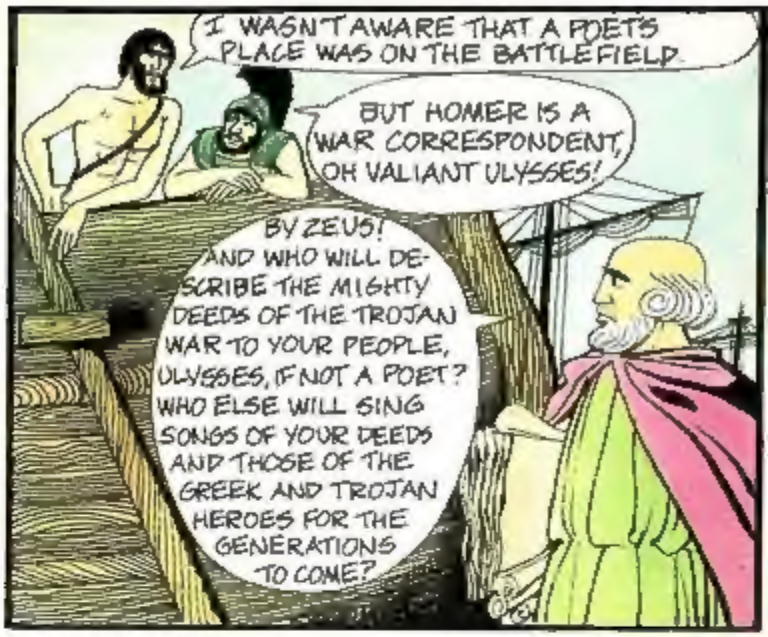
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

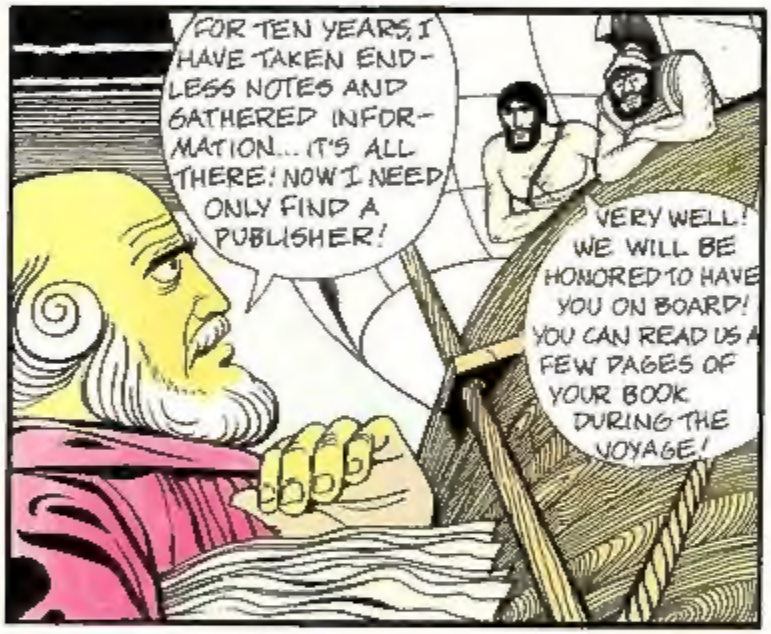
ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Robin Chalk, Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 888-4070. *Chicago:* William H. Gerke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. *West Coast:* Lowell Fox and Associates, 16033 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. *Southern Offices:* Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Submissions Editor, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 888-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.


ULYSSES
SCRIPT: HOMER
ADAPTED BY: LOB
ILLUSTRATED BY: G. PICHARD
AFTER TEN YEARS OF FIERCE FIGHTING, THE PROUD CITY OF TROY HAS FALLEN TO THE GREEK WARRIORS TODAY, THE BLOOD OF GALLANT MEN WILL NO LONGER BE SPILLED, AND THE VICTORS WISH ONLY TO RETURN TO THEIR FAR-OFF HOMES.
AMONG THEM IS THE CRAFTY ULYSSES, A WARRIOR'S WARRIOR, WHO PREPARES TO DEPART FOR ITHACA, HIS NATIVE ISLE, WHERE HIS FAITHFUL WIFE, PENELOPE, AWAITS HIM...
PENELOPE, MY BELOVED, MY DOVE... HOW I LONG TO SEE YOU AGAIN...
AWAY ALL THE ROPES! TO THE OARS!
AHOY THERE! IS THERE SOME LITTLE PLACE FOR ME ABOARD?

WHO IS THAT? HIS FACE IS SOMEHOW FAMILIAR...
IT'S THE POET **HOMER**. YOU MUST KNOW HIM— HE WAS AT THE FRONT WITH US.


I WASN'T AWARE THAT A POET'S PLACE WAS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
BUT HOMER IS A WAR CORRESPONDENT, OH VALIANT ULYSSES!
BY ZEUS! AND WHO WILL DESCRIBE THE MIGHTY DEEDS OF THE TROJAN WAR TO YOUR PEOPLE, ULYSSES, IF NOT A POET? WHO ELSE WILL SING SONGS OF YOUR DEEDS AND THOSE OF THE GREEK AND TROJAN HEROES FOR THE GENERATIONS TO COME?

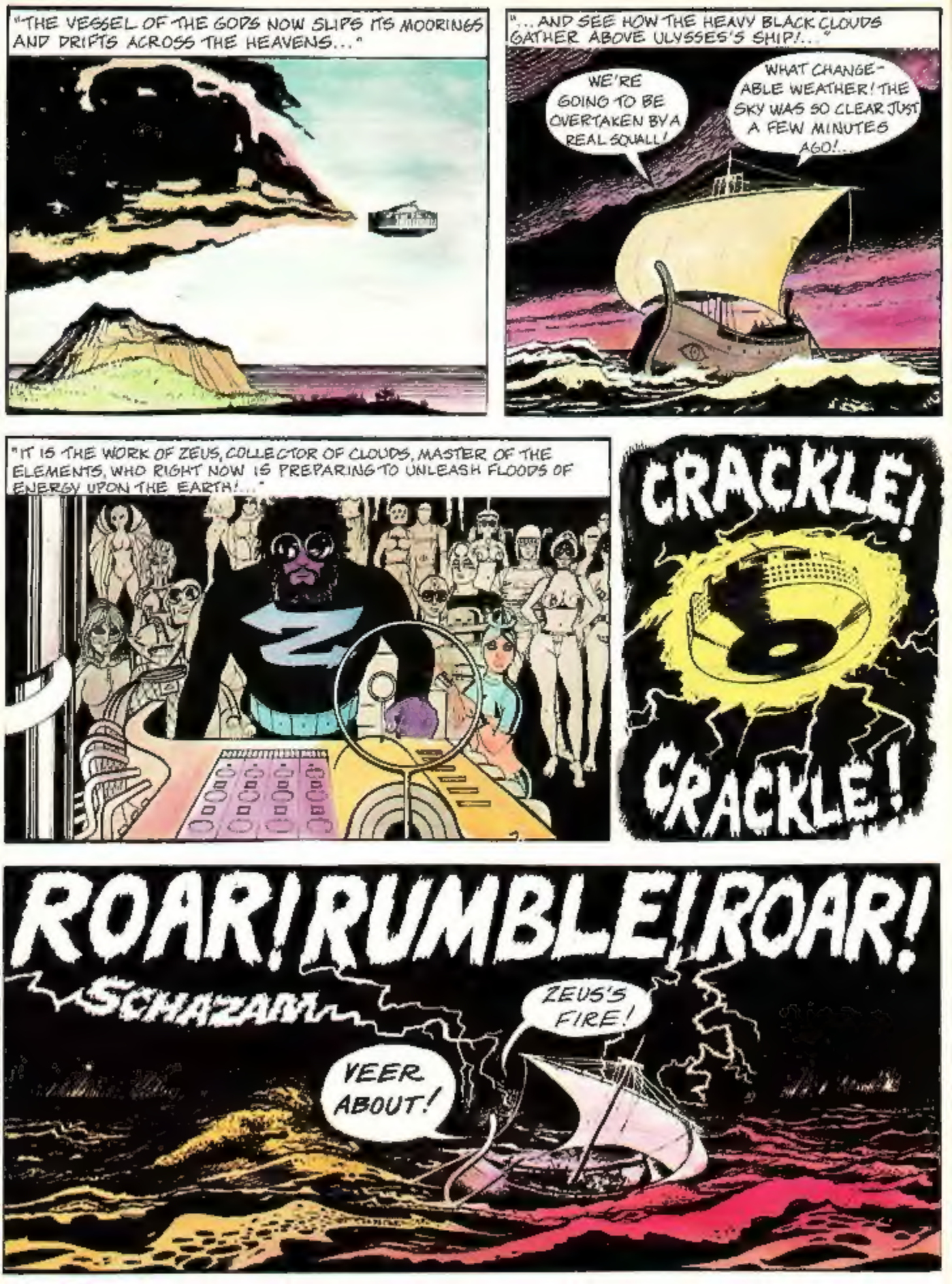

FOR TEN YEARS, I HAVE TAKEN ENDLESS NOTES AND GATHERED INFORMATION... IT'S ALL THERE! NOW I NEED ONLY FIND A PUBLISHER!
VERY WELL! WE WILL BE HONORED TO HAVE YOU ON BOARD! YOU CAN READ US A FEW PAGES OF YOUR BOOK DURING THE VOYAGE!

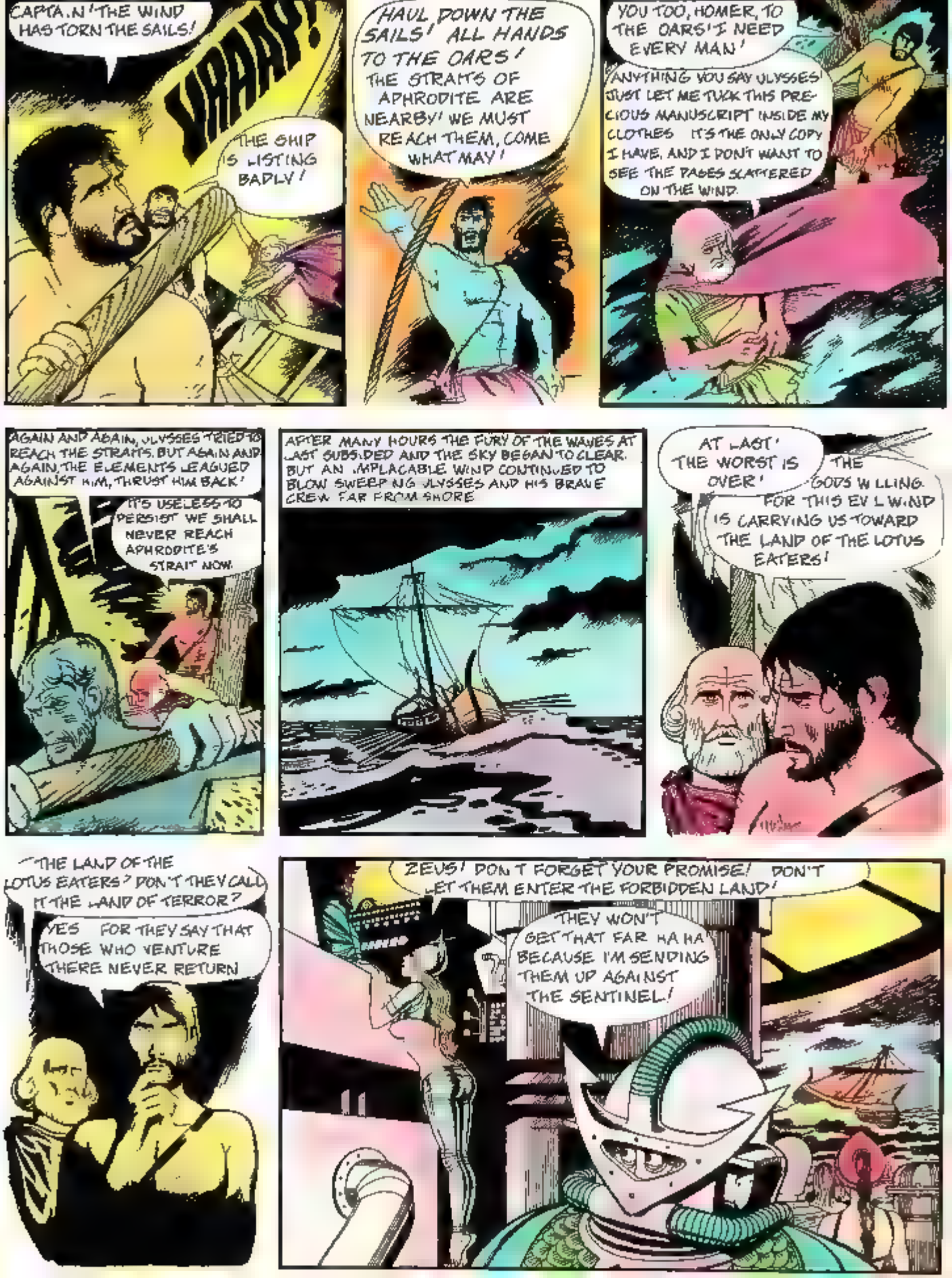
"ERE LONG, ULYSSES'S SHIP, DRIVEN ON BY FAVORABLE WINDS, SAILS JOYOUSLY TOWARDS ITS DESTINATION..."
IN A FEW DAYS, WE WILL BE IN ITHACA AND PENELOPE WILL BE IN MY ARMS! PENELOPE, MY LITTLE CHICKADEE!... ZZZZZZ...

"BUT ALAS, IN THEIR METAL FORTRESS CROWNING THE INACCESSIBLE HEIGHTS OF OLYMPUS, THE GODS HAVE DECIDED OTHERWISE!..."

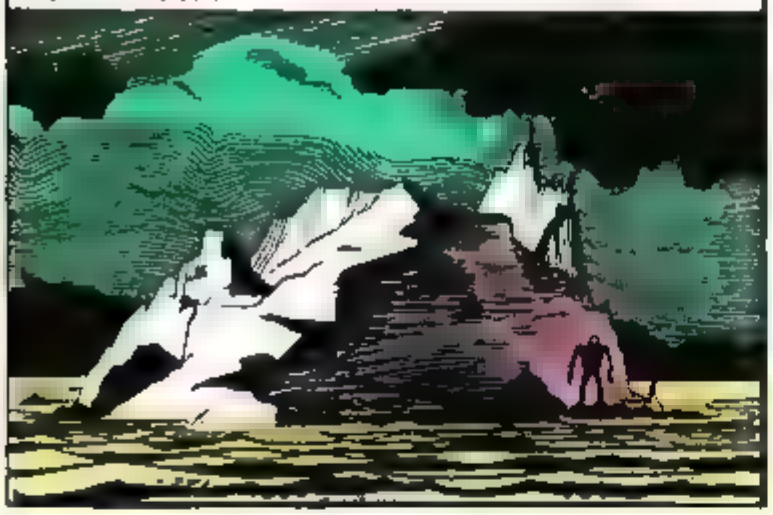
COME ON, ZEUS, HAVEN'T YOU ANYTHING BETTER TO SHOW US THAN A MEDIUM CLOSE-UP OF ULYSSES PINING AWAY FOR HIS WIFE?
TOO BAD THE WAR'S OVER! IT WAS SOME SHOW!
IT'S HERE THAT THEY DIRECTLY OBSERVE MORTALS THROUGH A TELECTRONOSCOPE.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET ULYSSES GET BACK TO ITHACA WITHOUT AN ADVENTURE, ARE WE?
SURE! THIS WAY THE VALIANT ULYSSES WILL FIND PENELOPE AGAIN... THEY WILL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER, AND HAVE LOTS OF CHILDREN! HO-HUM!
ALRIGHT! WHAT ELSE DO YOU SUGGEST?
MMMM... A STORM, FOR OPENERS?
A CRASH OF THUNDER IN A CLEAR SKY!
UNCHAIN THE ELEMENTS!
RIGHT ON! SOMETHING REALLY SPECTACULAR!

DON'T LISTEN TO THEM, ZEUS! HASN'T ULYSSES ALREADY PROVED HIS COURAGE IN THE FACE OF DANGER? HAS HE EVER DISAPPOINTED US? HE'S PUT IN TEN YEARS FIGHTING, FOR OUR AMUSEMENT! DOESN'T HE FINALLY DESERVE TO FIND HIS HOME AND THOSE HE LOVES AGAIN?
EXACTLY!
ARE WE GOING TO LET THIS HERO, THIS TRULY REMARKABLE PERFORMER, END UP IN SOME DOMESTIC COMEDY, LIKE ANY COMMON MORTAL?
COME ON, ATHENA, ARE WE ASKING TOO MUCH? JUST A LITTLE AMUSEMENT, A LAST BIT OF GALLANTRY... BEFORE LONG, WE'LL BE REDUCED TO WATCHING PATHETIC LITTLE HUMAN SOAP OPERAS, PLOTLESS PLOTS, SIT-COMS...
ULYSSES IS A TERRIFIC SAILOR! HE'LL COME THROUGH WITH FLYING COLORS!
SO BE IT, THEN!... AND IF HE CAN'T DO IT ALONE WE'LL HELP HIM! ALL RIGHT, ATHENA?
ALRIGHT, EVERYBODY, PLACES FOR THE SHOW!
"AND NOW, A LOUD VIBRATION, LIKE THE SONG OF A MIGHTY CHORUS, SUDDENLY SHAKES THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN... AND BEHOLD, THE CENTRAL ZONE OF THE POWERFUL FORTRESS BREAKS AWAY AND RISES MAJESTICALLY INTO THE BLUE SKY..."
MMMM

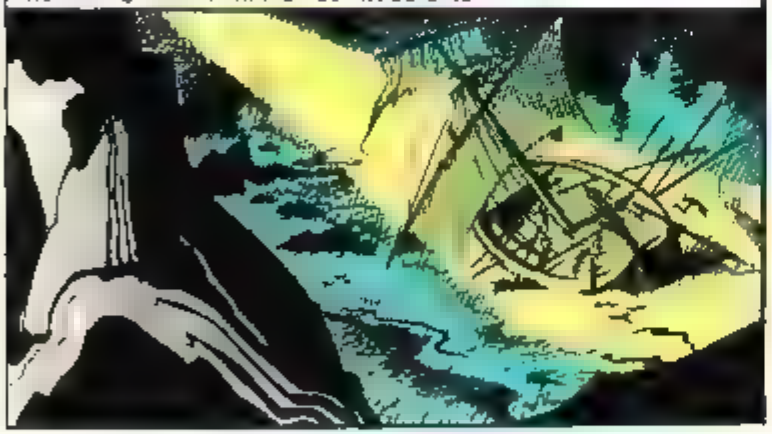

"THE VESSEL OF THE GODS NOW SLIPS ITS MOORINGS AND DRIFTS ACROSS THE HEAVENS..."
"...AND SEE HOW THE HEAVY BLACK CLOUDS GATHER ABOVE ULYSSES'S SHIP!..."
WE'RE GOING TO BE OVERTAKEN BY A REAL SQUALL!
WHAT CHANGEABLE WEATHER! THE SKY WAS SO CLEAR JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!...
"IT IS THE WORK OF ZEUS, COLLECTOR OF CLOUDS, MASTER OF THE ELEMENTS, WHO RIGHT NOW IS PREPARING TO UNLEASH FLOODS OF ENERGY UPON THE EARTH!..."
CRACKLE!
CRACKLE!
ROAR! RUMBLE! ROAR!
SCHAZAM
ZEUS'S FIRE!
VEER ABOUT!


CAPTAIN! THE WIND HAS TORN THE SAILS!
VRAAP!
THE SHIP IS LISTING BADLY!
HAUL DOWN THE SAILS! ALL HANDS TO THE OARS! THE STRAITS OF APHRODITE ARE NEARBY! WE MUST REACH THEM, COME WHAT MAY!
YOU TOO, HOMER, TO THE OARS! I NEED EVERY MAN!
ANYTHING YOU SAY ULYSSES! JUST LET ME TUCK THIS PRECIOUS MANUSCRIPT INSIDE MY CLOTHES IT'S THE ONLY COPY I HAVE, AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE THE PAGES SCATTERED ON THE WIND.
AGAIN AND AGAIN, ULYSSES TRIED TO REACH THE STRAITS. BUT AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE ELEMENTS LEAGUED AGAINST HIM, THRUST HIM BACK!
IT'S USELESS TO PERSIST WE SHALL NEVER REACH APHRODITE'S STRAIT NOW.
AFTER MANY HOURS THE FURY OF THE WAVES AT LAST SUBSIDED AND THE SKY BEGAN TO CLEAR. BUT AN IMPLACABLE WIND CONTINUED TO BLOW SWEEPING ULYSSES AND HIS BRAVE CREW FAR FROM SHORE
AT LAST! THE WORST IS OVER!
THE GODS WILLING, FOR THIS EVIL WIND IS CARRYING US TOWARD THE LAND OF THE LOTUS EATERS!
"THE LAND OF THE LOTUS EATERS? DON'T THEY CALL IT THE LAND OF TERROR?
YES FOR THEY SAY THAT THOSE WHO VENTURE THERE NEVER RETURN
ZEUS! DON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE! DON'T LET THEM ENTER THE FORBIDDEN LAND!
THEY WON'T GET THAT FAR HA HA! BECAUSE I'M SENDING THEM UP AGAINST THE SENTINEL!

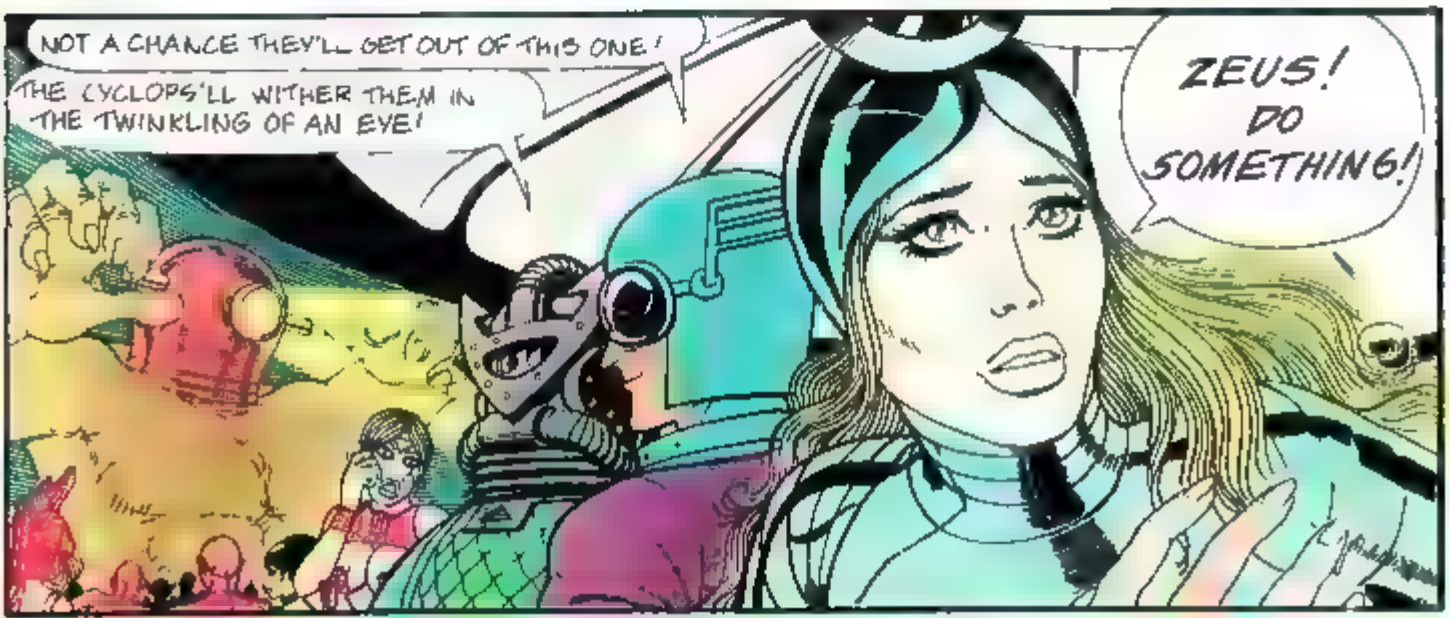
FAR AWAY FROM LANDS WHERE MEN LIVE, ON THE EDGES OF THE FORBIDDEN WORLD, IS AN ISLAND INHABITED BY A GIGANTIC NIGHTMARISH FIGURE THE SENTINEL ..



IS IT A MONSTER OR IS IT A MACHINE? NO ONE CAN ENDURE THE GLARE OF ITS GAZE HOW MANY SAILORS HOW MANY CAPTAINS BLINDED BY THE TERRIBLE BEAM RADIATING FROM THE SINGLE EYE OF THE CYCLOPS. RAN AGROUND ON THE REEFS SURROUNDING THIS ACCURSED ISLAND? IS THIS THE HIDEOUS END PREPARED FOR ULYSSES AND HIS UNFORTUNATE COMPANIONS?



MY NAME IS POLYPHEMUS! MY MASTER POSEIDON, GOD OF THE SEA, CREATED ME TO DENY POOR MORTALS ACCESS TO THOSE MYSTERIOUS LANDS WHERE ONLY GODS MAY ENTER!



"SO ZEUS PRODUCED A FOG SO THICK THAT EVEN THE GHASTLY BEAM OF THE CYCLOPS COULD NOT PENETRATE IT."

"ULYSSES'S SHIP MANAGED TO REACH THE ISLAND ALL OTHERS BEFORE HAD SMASHED ON THE REEFS BUT ULYSSES IS AN EXCELLENT SAILOR AND HE IS, PERHAPS GUIDED BY ZEUS!"

THE FOG IS BEGINNING TO BREAK UP FOUR OF YOU MEN COME WITH ME! WE'RE GOING TO EXPLORE THIS ISLAND. CARRY YOUR WEAPONS AND SOME PROVISIONS THE OTHERS CAN STAY ON THE SHIP AND MEND THE SAILS WHILE THEY AWAIT OUR RETURN

"THE LITTLE BAND LED BY ULYSSES SETS OUT TOWARD THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND."

WAIT FOR ME! A WALK WILL TAKE THE CHILL OFF MY OLD BONES BESIDES, I'M NATURALLY CURIOUS!

EWES AND SHEEP THIS ISLAND IS CERTAINLY INHABITED

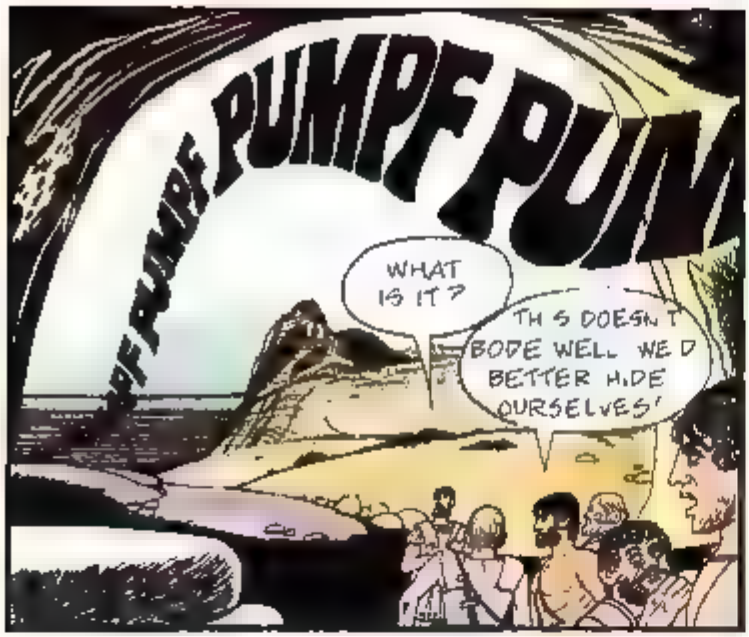
LOOK! UP THERE! ISN'T THAT AN ENTRANCE TO A CAVE?

WHOEVER LIVES HERE MUST HAVE AN INCREDIBLE APPETITE! LOOK AT THOSE CHEESES! I'D SURE LIKE TO TASTE SOME!

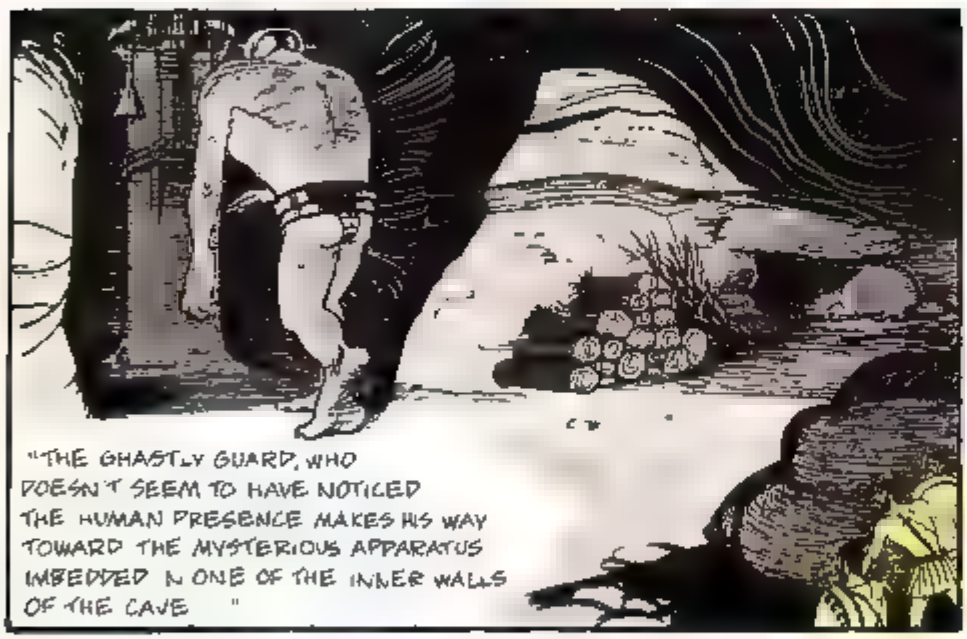
THIS CERTAINLY IS A CAVE AND AN INHABITED ONE AT THAT.

WHAT A STRANGE APPARATUS! WHAT CAN IT BE FOR?

I DON'T KNOW BUT LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT NOISE OUTSIDE?

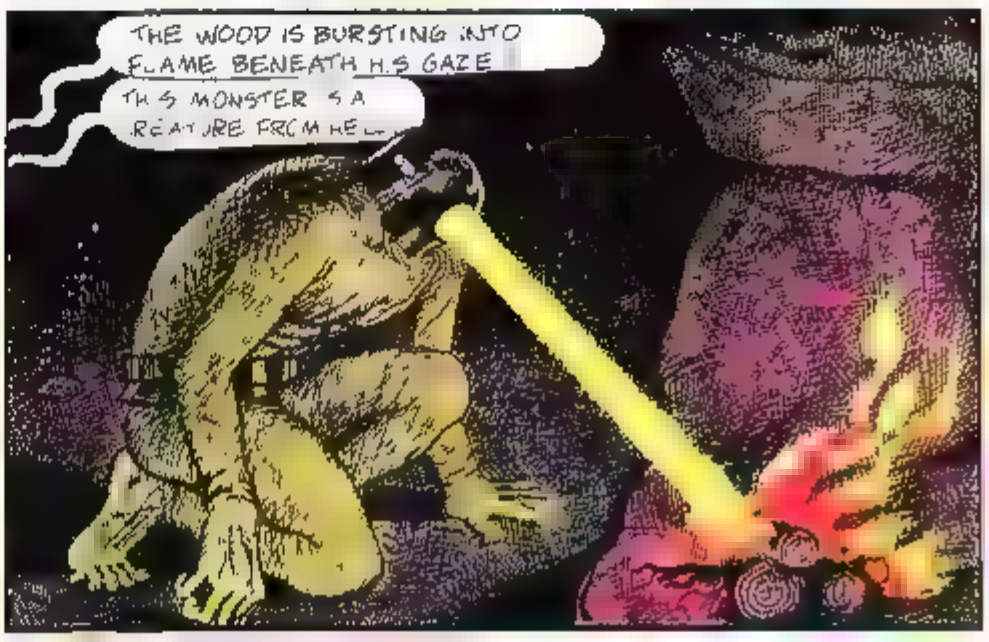

PUMPF PUMPF PUM
WHAT IS IT?
TH S DOESN T BODE WELL WE D BETTER H.DE OURSELVES!

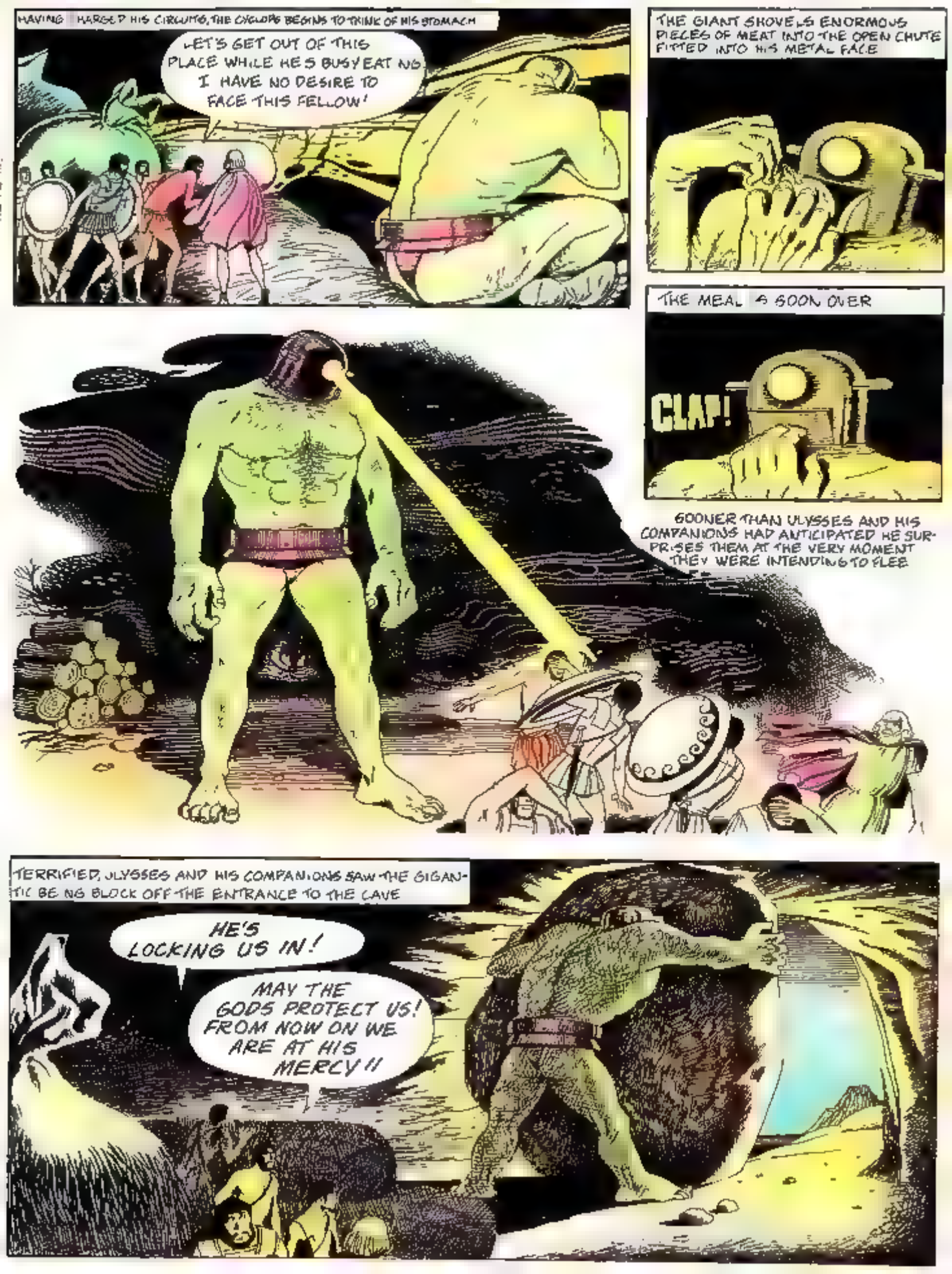
OH! BY ZEUS!...
A A GIANT!
LOOK AT H S FACE AN EYE ONLY ONE EYE SH N NG IN THE DARK!


"THE GHASTLY GUARD, WHO DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE NOTICED THE HUMAN PRESENCE MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE MYSTERIOUS APPARATUS IMBEDDED IN ONE OF THE INNER WALLS OF THE CAVE "

WHAT'S IT DOING? THAT THING HAS STARTED BUZZ.NG. THERE'S A HALO OF L GHT AROUND IT WHAT K ND OF MARVEL IS TH S? AH THAT BEAM IS BE- COM NG UNBEARABLE!
T S AN ENCHANT- MENT LETS GO!

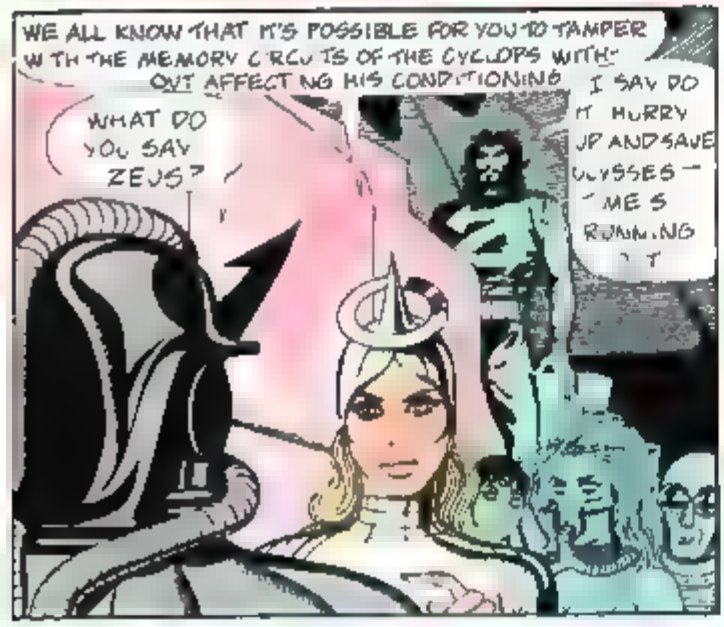
WA.T A MINUTE! THE HALO IS DIMMING. THE GIANT IS MOV NG AWAY FROM THE MA.H.NE
HE'S GOING TOWARD THE HEARTH.


THE WOOD IS BURSTING INTO FLAME BENEATH H.S GAZE
TH S MONSTER S A


HAVING HARGED HIS CIRCUITS, THE CYCLOPS BEGINS TO THINK OF HIS STOMACH
LET'S GET OUT OF THIS PLACE WHILE HE'S BUSY EATING I HAVE NO DESIRE TO FACE THIS FELLOW!
THE GIANT SHOVELS ENORMOUS PIECES OF MEAT INTO THE OPEN CHUTE FITTED INTO HIS METAL FACE
THE MEAL IS SOON OVER
CLAP!
SOONER THAN ULYSSES AND HIS COMPANIONS HAD ANTICIPATED HE SURPRISES THEM AT THE VERY MOMENT THEY WERE INTENDING TO FLEE
TERRIFIED, ULYSSES AND HIS COMPANIONS SAW THE GIGANTIC BEING BLOCK OFF THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE
HE'S LOCKING US IN!
MAY THE GODS PROTECT US! FROM NOW ON WE ARE AT HIS MERCY!!

MY-NAME-IS-POLYPHEMUS-AND NO-MORTAL-CAN-WITHSTAND-MY-GAZE
ZEUS REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE TO ME! ULYSSES MUST NOT DIE!

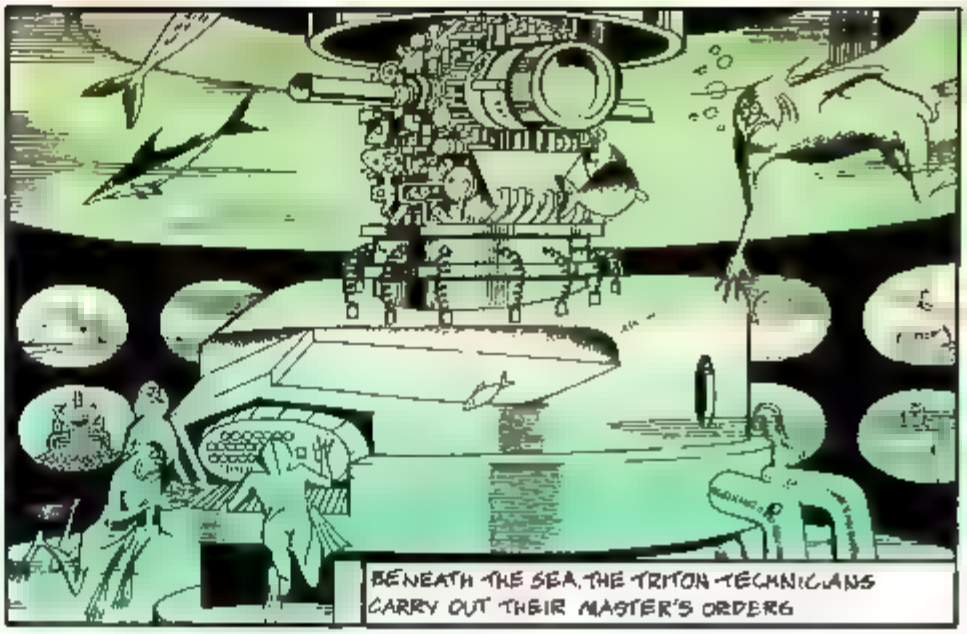
WELL...IN FACT, WE WANT IT THAT WAY TOO ATHENA BUT NOW IT'S UP TO POSEIDON TO NEUTRALIZE THIS CREATURE OF HIS
I'D LIKE TO. ZEUS BUT I DON'T THINK I CAN BRING IT OFF THE CYCLOPS IS IRREVERSIBLY PROGRAMMED TO EXTERMINATE ALL HUMANS WHO APPEAR ON THE RANGES OF HIS VISION!


WE ALL KNOW THAT IT'S POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO TAMPER WITH THE MEMORY CIRCUITS OF THE CYCLOPS WITHOUT AFFECTING HIS CONDITIONING
WHAT DO YOU SAY ZEUS?
I SAY DO IT HURRY UP AND SAVE ULYSSES — TIME'S RUNNING OUT

BUT ISN'T IT ALREADY TOO LATE?...
OUR SHIELDS ARE ON FIRE THAT LIGHT DESTROYS EVERYTHING IT HITS AH! WE'LL NEVER RETURN TO OUR HOMELANDS NOW! I WILL NEVER SEE PENELOPE AGAIN
AT LEAST WE'RE NOT DYING IN THE DARK! STILL, I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE ADDED A COUPLE OF SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS TO THE TALE OF OUR ADVENTURES

RELUCTANTLY, POSEIDON COMMUNICATES WITH THE TECHNICIANS IN HIS EMPIRE BENEATH THE SEA

THESE ARE MY ORDERS NEUTRALIZE THE SENTINEL IMMEDIATELY! BUT MAINTAIN A CONDITION OF ALERT!



BENEATH THE SEA, THE TRITON TECHNICIANS CARRY OUT THEIR MASTER'S ORDERS

AND A MOMENT LATER IN THE SENTINEL'S DEN

THE... THE AWFUL BEAM IS DISAPPEARING... THE GIANTS TURNING AWAY!

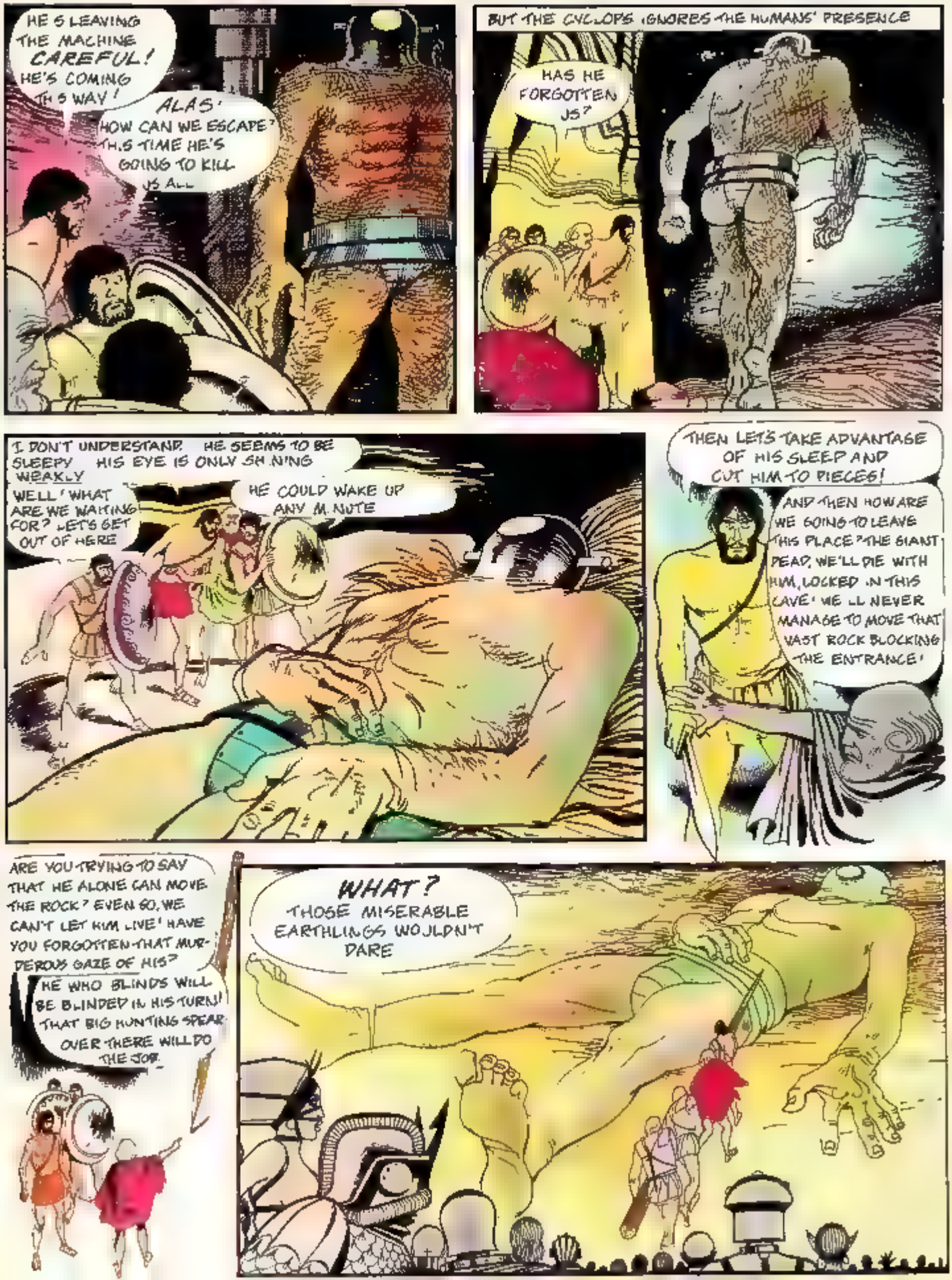
WHAT SORT OF MIRACLE?

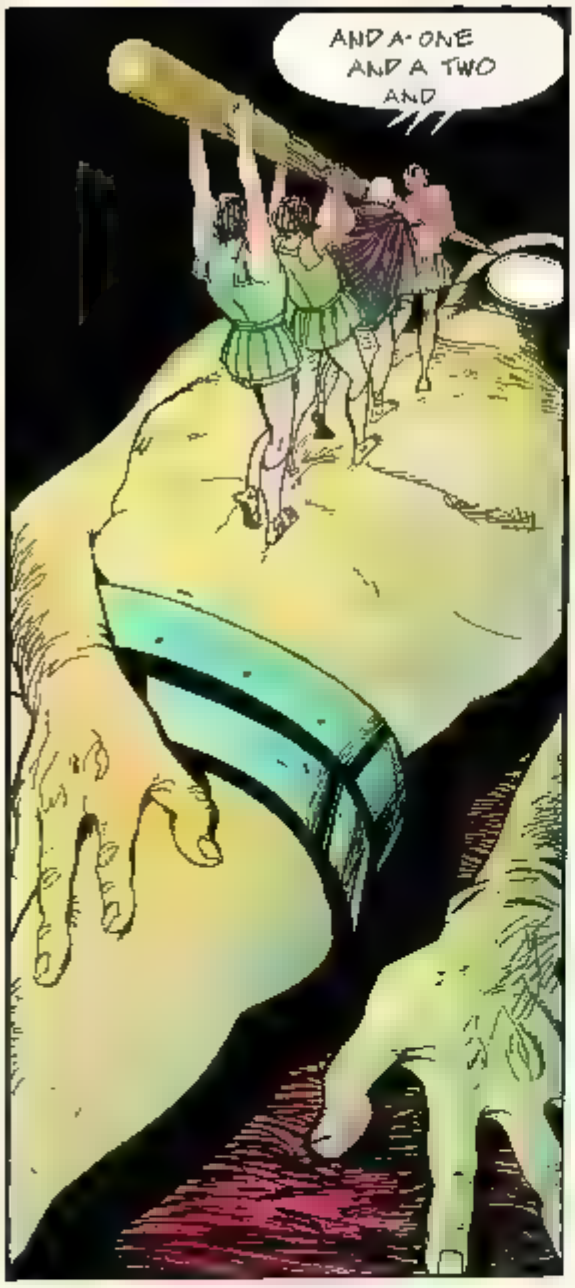
WERE WE NOT ALREADY DEAD?

RESPONDING TO A CALL INAUDIBLE TO HUMAN EARS POLYPHEMUS LEAVES HIS VICTIMS IN ORDER TO IMMOBILIZE HIMSELF BY MEANS OF THE STRANGE MACHINE A MYSTERIOUS CYLINDER LOWERS SLOWLY OVER THE CYCLOPS

ERASE FROM HIS MEMORY ANY RECOLLECTION OF THESE LAST MOMENTS LET HIM FORGET THE MORTALS PRESENCE AND LET HIM ASSUME A POSITION OF PHYSICAL RECUPERATION

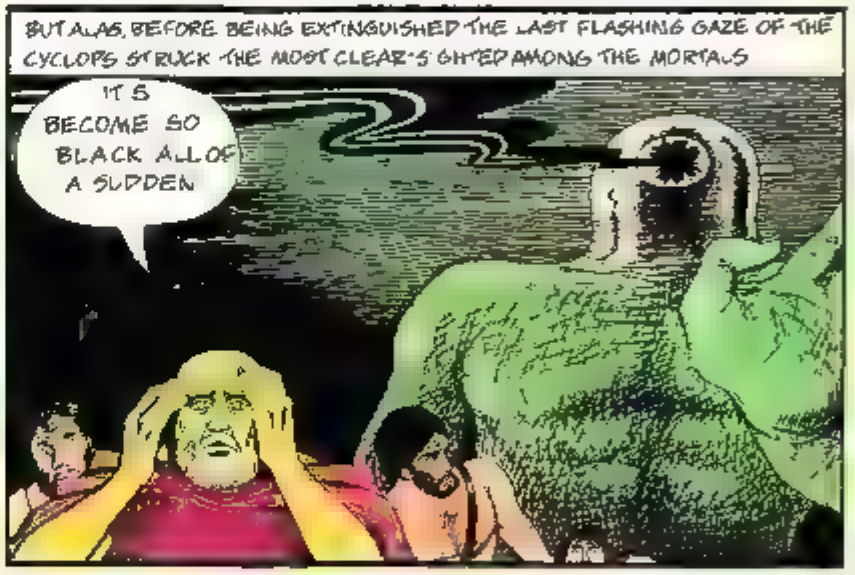
AND SO IT WILL BE SAID THAT ON THIS DAY, POSEIDON GAVE IN TO THE WILL OF ZEUS. AND THE WHIMS OF ATHENA LADY, YOUR PROTÉGÉS HAD BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS BREATHER TO GET OUT OF WHERE THEY ARE IN A HURRY, BECAUSE THE CYCLOPS' SLEEP WON'T LAST FOREVER!

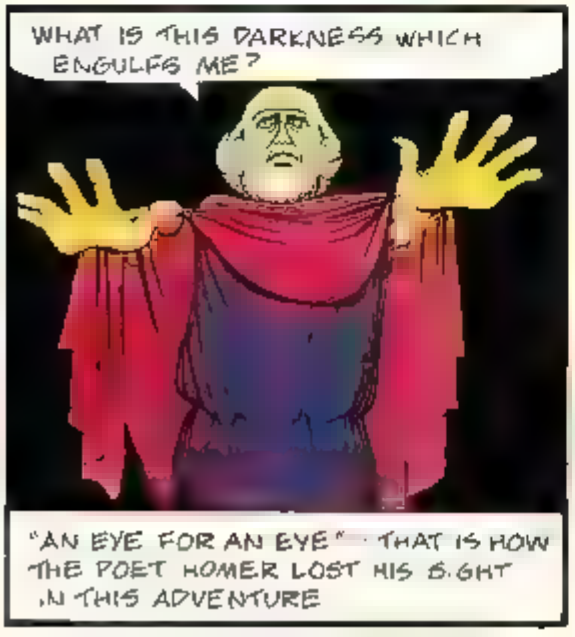

HE'S LEAVING THE MACHINE CAREFUL! HE'S COMING THIS WAY!
ALAS! HOW CAN WE ESCAPE? THIS TIME HE'S GOING TO KILL US ALL
BUT THE CYCLOPS IGNORES THE HUMANS' PRESENCE
HAS HE FORGOTTEN US?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HE SEEMS TO BE SLEEPY HIS EYE IS ONLY SHINING WEAKLY
WELL! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
HE COULD WAKE UP ANY MINUTE
THEN LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS SLEEP AND CUT HIM TO PIECES!
AND THEN HOW ARE WE GOING TO LEAVE THIS PLACE? THE GIANT DEAD, WE'LL DIE WITH HIM, LOCKED IN THIS CAVE! WE'LL NEVER MANAGE TO MOVE THAT VAST ROCK BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE!
ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY THAT HE ALONE CAN MOVE THE ROCK? EVEN SO, WE CAN'T LET HIM LIVE! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT MURDEROUS GAZE OF HIS?
HE WHO BLINDS WILL BE BLINDED IN HIS TURN! THAT BIG HUNTING SPEAR OVER THERE WILL DO THE JOB.
WHAT? THOSE MISERABLE EARTHLINGS WOULDN'T DARE



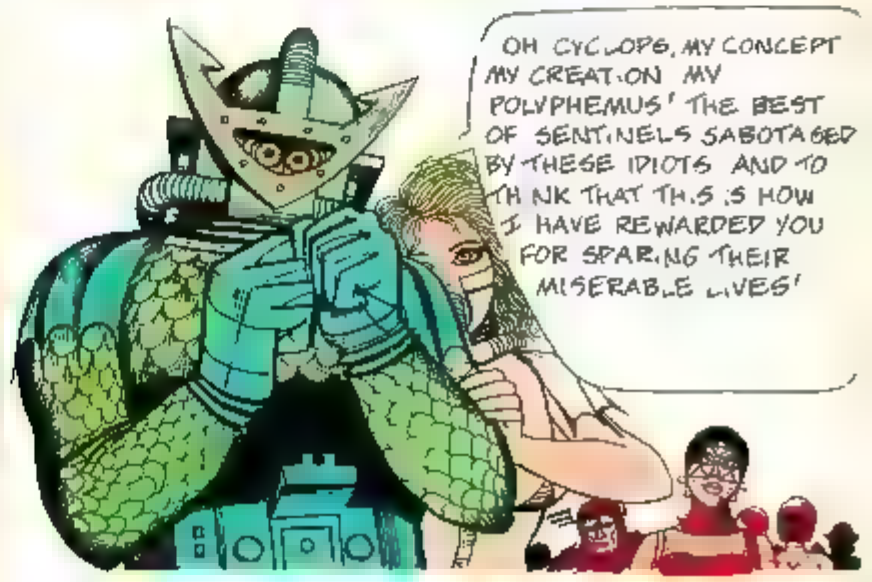
THE SPEAR BREAKS OPEN, SHATTERS WRECKS THE ELECTRONIC EYE OF THE CYCLOPS IN AN EXPLOSION OF LIGHT!

BUT ALAS, BEFORE BEING EXTINGUISHED THE LAST FLASHING GAZE OF THE CYCLOPS STRUCK THE MOST CLEAR-SIGHTED AMONG THE MORTALS



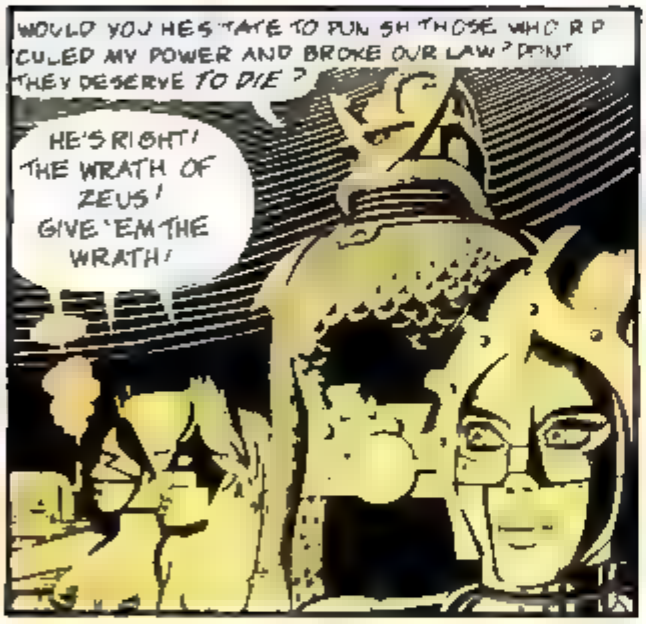


"AN EYE FOR AN EYE" THAT IS HOW THE POET HOMER LOST HIS SIGHT IN THIS ADVENTURE



R-A-A-A-G-E
THUMP! CLAS TLE!
"WITHIN THE CAVE, THE MUTILATED MONSTER MOVES WITH STUMBLING STEPS IS HE SUFFERING? FROM HIS GIGANTIC CHEST THERE COMES A DEEP AND CONSTANT RATTLE HIS VAST, DISORGANIZED BODY CRASHES AGAINST THE INNER WALLS."
AH! HE'S GRABBING THE ROCK THAT BARS THE WAY HE'S MOVING IT!
LET'S GO! THE WAY IS CLEAR!!!
GA-A-A-PE!
CRASH!
STAMP!
TEAR!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME NOW?
FREE! AT LAST!
TO THE SHIP! PRAY HEAVEN THEY'RE READY TO WEIGH ANCHOR!
AH CAPTAIN THERE YOU ARE WE WERE FEELING NERVOUS ABOUT YOU! SOME VERY STRANGE THINGS SEEM TO HAPPEN ON THIS ISLAND YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT WE'VE HEARD
AND WHAT WE'VE SEEN
I KNOW! EVERYONE ON BOARD! LETS GET OFF THIS CURSED ISLAND AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

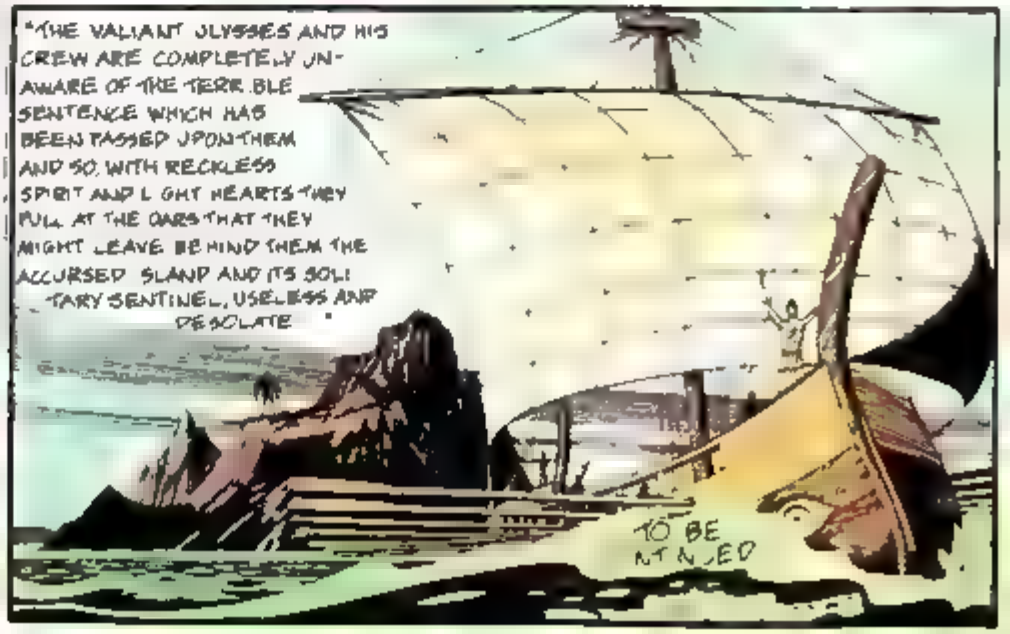
POSEIDON, MASTER OF THE DEPTHS, LEAVING THE PARTY?
I SHALL RETURN TO MY EMPIRE, THAT I MAY AVENGE THE CYCLOPS! I SHALL PUNISH THESE MORTALS MYSELF. THE OCEAN WILL BE THEIR GRAVE!
STOP! THE END OF THEIR STORY GETS DECIDED RIGHT HERE


WOULD YOU HESITATE TO PUNISH THOSE WHO HAVE RIDICULED MY POWER AND BROKE OUR LAW? DON'T THEY DESERVE TO DIE?
HE'S RIGHT! THE WRATH OF ZEUS! GIVE 'EM THE WRATH!

IT'S NOT FAIR! IF WE HADN'T STARTED THIS, NONE OF IT WOULD HAVE EVER HAPPENED!
WATCH YOURSELF, ATHENA! THE GREAT GAME HAS ITS LIMITS WHICH MUST NOT BE OVERSTEPPED. ITS RULES WHICH MUST NOT BE BROKEN!

HMMMM. I UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER, POSEIDON, AND IN TRUTH IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT THESE MORTALS BE PUNISHED. BUT SHOULD IT BE BY DEATH? ISN'T THERE A MORE SUBTLE AND MORE INTERESTING FORM OF PUNISHMENT?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ZEUS?

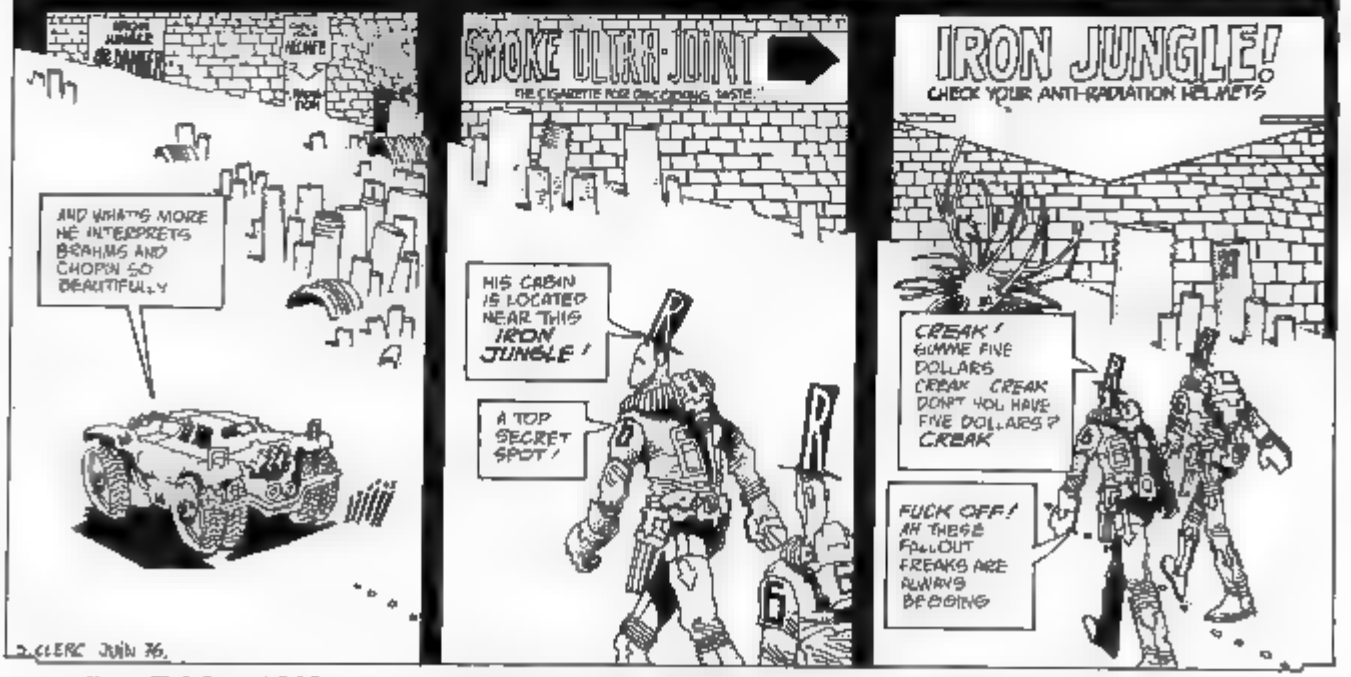
SUPPOSE ULYSSES AND HIS COMPANIONS SIMPLY FOLLOW THE PERILOUS COURSE ON WHICH THEY ARE SET. LET'S SEE TO IT THAT THEY STRAY INTO THE FORBIDDEN WORLD! AND MMMMM... AFTER A CERTAIN NUMBER OF YEARS... IF THEY MANAGE TO OVERCOME THE DANGERS WE PLACE IN THEIR PATH... AND IF THEY LEARN HOW TO SATISFY US... THEN, PERHAPS WE WILL LET THEM RETURN TO THEIR HOMELAND


"THE VALIANT ULYSSES AND HIS CREW ARE COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE SENTENCE WHICH HAS BEEN PASSED UPON THEM AND SO, WITH RECKLESS SPIRIT AND LIGHT HEARTS THEY PULL AT THE OARS THAT THEY MIGHT LEAVE BEHIND THEM THE ACCURSED ISLAND AND ITS SOLITARY SENTINEL, USELESS AND DESOLATE."
TO BE CONTINUED

The TIME WARP

DEFINITION A TIME WARP IS SOMETHING THAT CAUSES TROUBLE AND THAT'S ALL WE KNOW

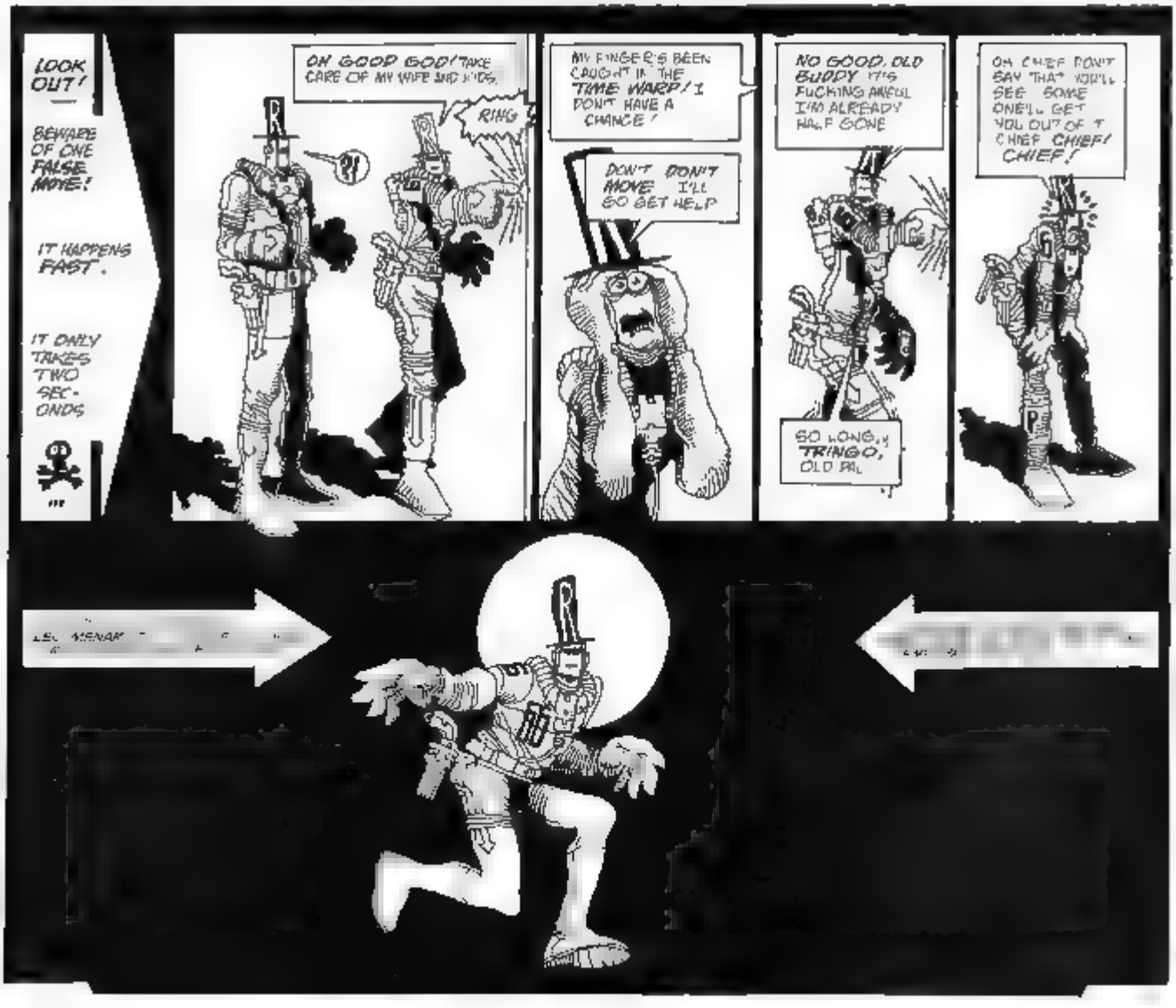
LEO MENARDO AND JOHNNY TRINGO ARE SEARCHING FOR A DANGEROUS AIR RUSTLER...
DANGER RADIATION
NEW FOUNDATION BEWARE UNSTABLE AIR FOR 100 MILES
SOLID AIR
TRIP 21
"H.R. SINCE THE TUNNEL 5 BORDER OPENED ALL SORTS OF HUSTLERS THIEVES, AND UNRELIABLE TYPES HAVE INFILTRATED OUR BEAUTIFUL CITY OF "NEW FOUNDATION." I SWEAR MEN ARE FOOLS.
DAMN! THAT'S WHAT IS WITH ALL AIR CROP THIEVES. THEY MAKE TROUBLE AND ITS UP TO US, THE CITY CONTAINERS
IN MY OPINION THE REDS BE BEHIND THIS THEY'RE SNEAKY BASTARDS
WE'LL HAVE A WORD WITH CAPTAIN BLACK AS A FORMER SURFACE-ZONER, HE KNOWS THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD OF NEW FOUNDATION. HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL US SOMETHING
AN AIR CROP THIEF RISKS CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND ALL SORTS OF DREADFUL THINGS THAT'S THE LAW

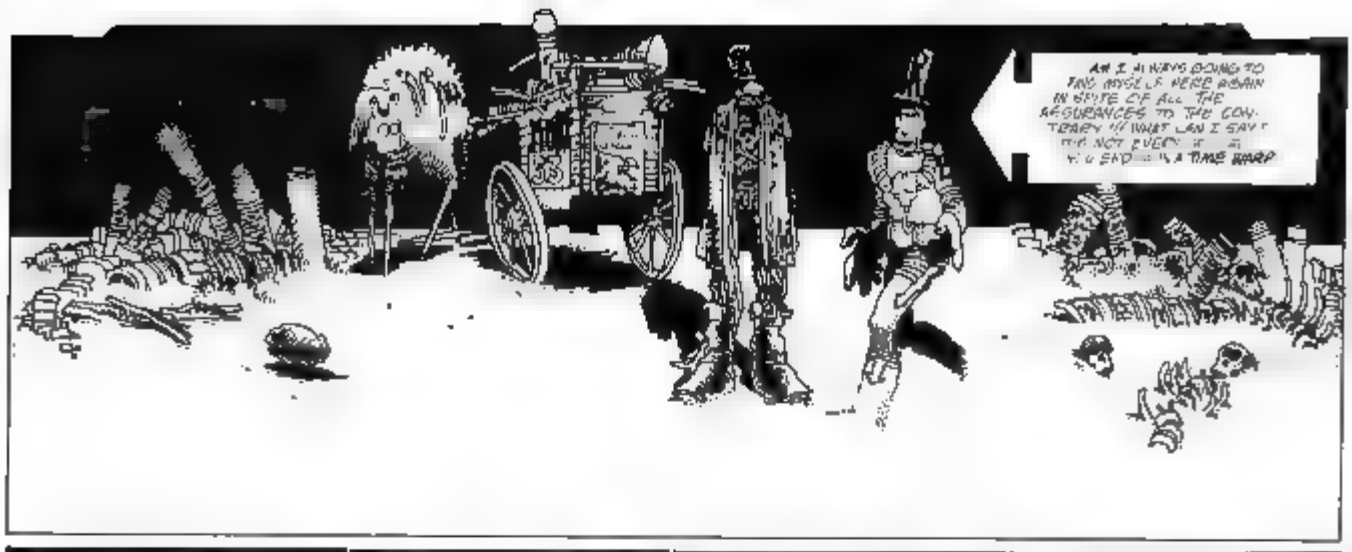

AND WHAT'S MORE HE INTERPRETS BRAHMS AND CHOPIN SO BEAUTIFULLY
SMOKE ULTRA-JOINT
THE CIGARETTE FOR DISCERNING TASTE...
HIS CABIN IS LOCATED NEAR THIS IRON JUNGLE!
A TOP SECRET SPOT!
IRON JUNGLE!
CHECK YOUR ANTI-RADIATION HELMETS
CREAK! GIMME FIVE DOLLARS CREAK CREAK DON'T YOU HAVE FIVE DOLLARS? CREAK
FUCK OFF! ALL THESE FALLOUT FREAKS ARE ALWAYS BEGGING
CLERC JUIN 76.

The TIME WARP — SCRIPT & DIRECTION BY SERGE CLERC • AND IN THE PRINCIPAL ROLES • LEO MENARDO • JOHNNY TRINGO and IGGY SPONGE

LIGHTING BY GREGORY DENTIER

THE TWO MEN APPROACH THE TINY CABIN AND LEO MENARDO LEANS ON THE DOORBELL

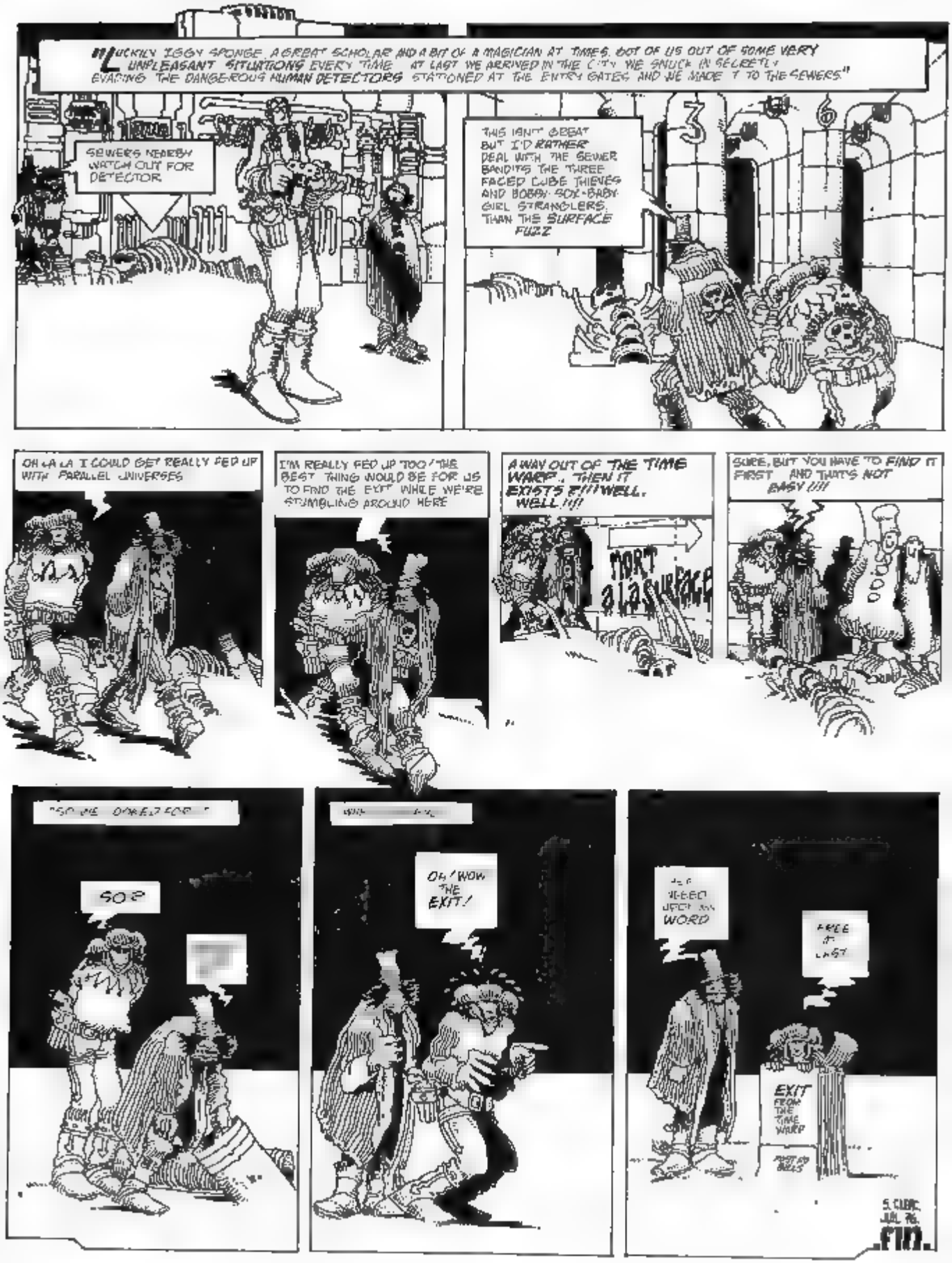

LOOK OUT!
BEWARE OF ONE FALSE MOVE!
IT HAPPENS FAST.
IT ONLY TAKES TWO SEC-ONDS
OH GOOD GOD! TAKE CARE OF MY WIFE AND KIDS.
RING
?!
MY FINGER'S BEEN CAUGHT IN THE TIME WARP! I DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
DON'T DON'T MOVE I'LL GO GET HELP
NO GOOD, OLD BUDDY IT'S FUCKING AWFUL I'M ALREADY HALF GONE
SO LONG, TRINGO, OLD PAL
OH CHIEF DON'T SAY THAT YOU'LL SEE SOME ONE'LL GET YOU OUT OF T CHIEF CHIEF! CHIEF!
LEO MENAR


AM I ALWAYS GOING TO FIND MYSELF HERE AGAIN IN SPITE OF ALL THE ASSURANCES TO THE CONTRARY !! WHAT CAN I SAY ? I'M NOT EVEN SURE IF ALL YOU SAID WAS A TIME WARP

"THE CHARACTER I WAS FACE TO FACE WITH WAS CALLED IGGY SPONGE HE DID BUSINESS IN ANYTHING ANYWAY THAT'S WHAT HE CLAIMED "
BUT WHO ARE YOU ?
"I REFUSED TO REVEAL MY IDENTITY AND TOOK THE OCCASION TO TELL MY STORY HE SEEMED VERY INTERESTED AND ASSURED ME THAT HE WAS ABSOLUTELY DEVASTATED TO HEAR WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ME WE GOT ON VERY WELL TOGETHER "
AH!
YOU CAN'T GO AROUND WEARING THAT RIDICULOUS GET UP I'LL FIND YOU A MORE SUITABLE SUIT
"WERE THAT'S BETTER !!
THEN WE HEADED OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NEAREST CITY OR THE WAY WE WERE FOLLOWED BY MARAUDERS "
WHO ARE THEY ?
YOU MIGHT CALL THEM SURFACE FUZZ -- BANDITS WHO'LL BASH YOU IN THE HEAD IF YOU START ARGUING INSTEAD OF RUNNING..
6
VROOP VROOP
VROOP

NO, OF COURSE, WE GOT AWAY FROM THEM. THANKS TO OUR CLEVER WILES AS LONG AS OUR TRIP LASTED, WE HAD TO THINK FAST AND KEEP COOL TO ESCAPE THE TRAPS SET BY THE GANGS OF GLANDORS !! HEAT BY THE LOOBORS OF THE BAND A KALDER BY THE NAMELESS ONE OF MEURTH AND MOSELL, AND OTHER DEGENERATES ALONG THE HIGHWAY

BUT WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST DON'T PANIC MAYBE WITH A LITTLE LUCK, THEY'LL TAKE US FOR FREAKS OF NATURE THERE'S A LOT OF 'EM 'ROUND HERE


"LUCKILY IGGY SPONGE, A GREAT SCHOLAR AND A BIT OF A MAGICIAN AT TIMES, GOT US OUT OF SOME VERY UNPLEASANT SITUATIONS EVERY TIME. AT LAST WE ARRIVED IN THE CITY WE SNUCK IN SECRETLY EVADING THE DANGEROUS HUMAN DETECTORS STATIONED AT THE ENTRY GATES AND WE MADE IT TO THE SEWERS."
SEWERS NEARBY WATCH OUT FOR DETECTOR
THIS ISN'T GREAT BUT I'D RATHER DEAL WITH THE SEWER BANDITS THE THREE FACED CUBE THIEVES AND BOBBY SOX-BABY GIRL STRANGLERS, THAN THE SURFACE FUZZ
OH-LA-LA I COULD GET REALLY FED UP WITH PARALLEL UNIVERSES
I'M REALLY FED UP TOO! THE BEST THING WOULD BE FOR US TO FIND THE EXIT WHILE WE'RE STUMBLING AROUND HERE
A WAY OUT OF THE TIME WARP... THEN IT EXISTS!!! WELL... WELL!!!
SURE, BUT YOU HAVE TO FIND IT FIRST AND THAT'S NOT EASY !!!!
SO?
OH! WOW THE EXIT!
FREE AT LAST
EXIT FROM THE TIME WARP
S. CLERC JUIL. 76.
FIN.

3 FROM HEAVY METAL

What great Christmas gifts for anyone who loves science fiction, fantasy or fantastic art. You can have one, two, or all three of these books sent directly from the offices of *Heavy Metal* with a Christmas gift card with your name on it. Merely fill out the coupon below with your name, address, and your check or money order. Then add to it your gift list with the names and addresses of the recipients and the exact titles of the books you want sent printed or typed next to their names. We will send the books to them gift wrapped and with a very special *Heavy Metal* Christmas gift card. A great gift!

PSYCHOROCK: Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11" by 9". $3.95. HM4010

ARZACH: All four of the brilliant full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. $6.95. HM4011

CANDICE AT SEA: A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise. Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity. Sixty-four pages plus cover in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9" by 11". $3.95. HM4012

HEAVY METAL BOOKS, Dept. HM 178
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the book bargains circled below.

Please add 60¢ per title for postage and shipping charges.

Enclosed find $ _____. Send check or money order only. Payable to HEAVY METAL BOOKS.

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 8%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

☐ HM4010 ☐ HM4011 ☐ HM4012

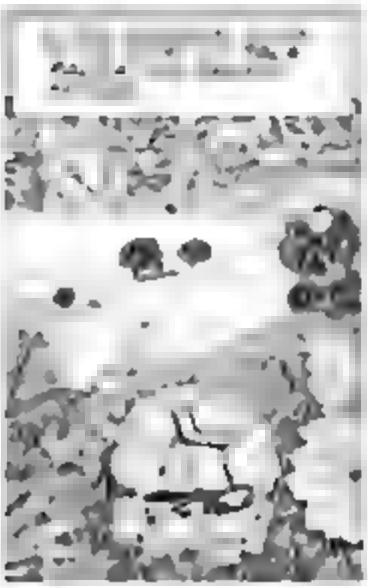
Name _____
(Please print)

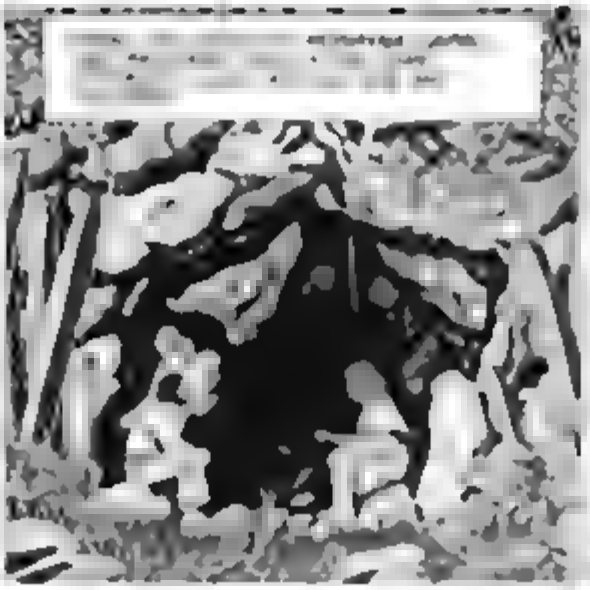
Address _____

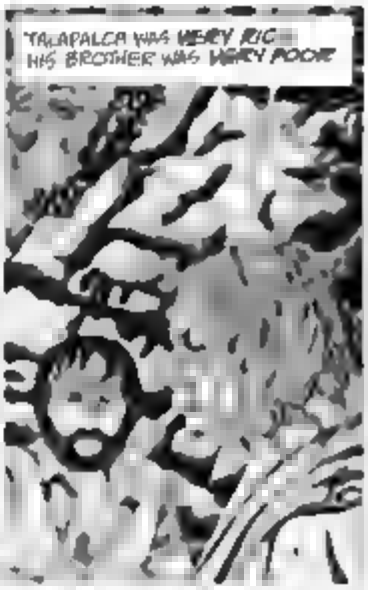
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

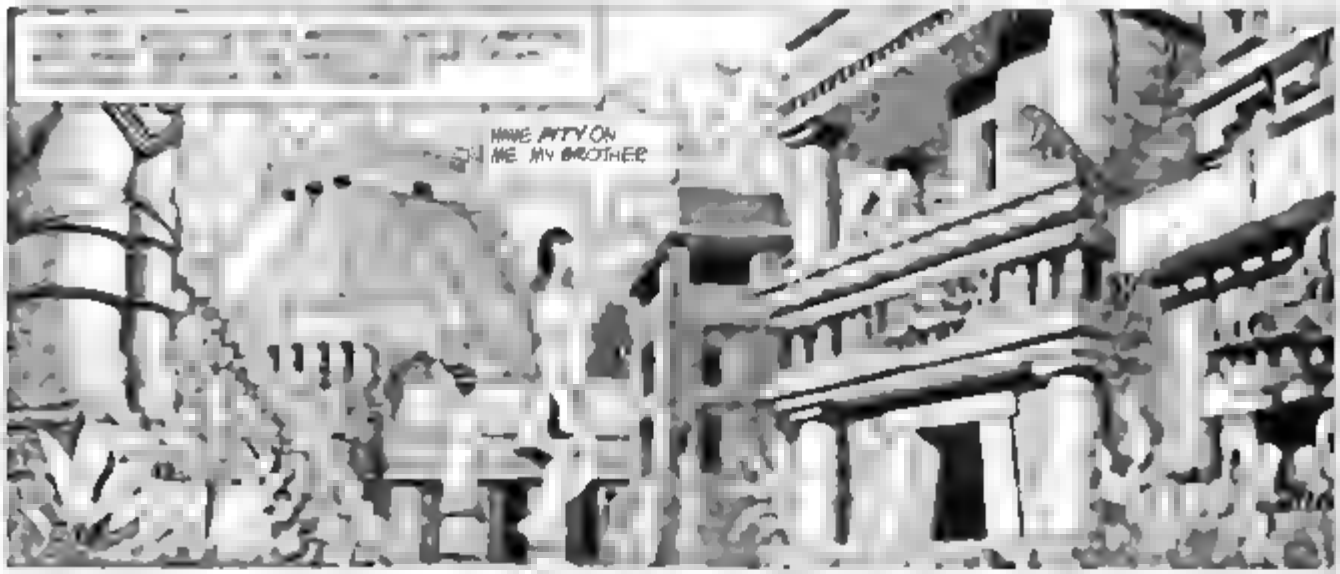
If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

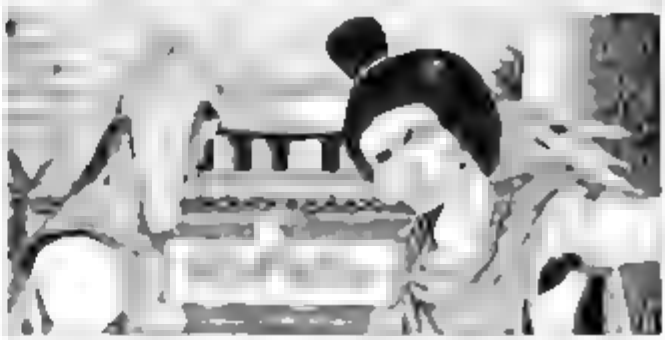
TALAPALCA



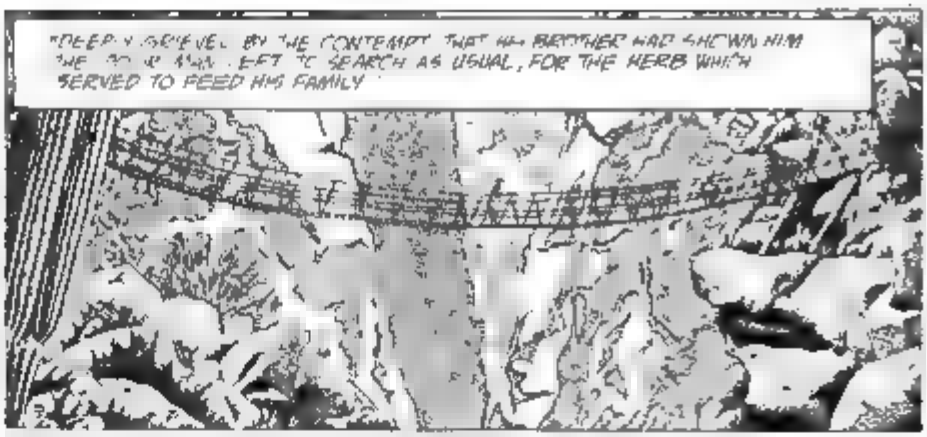


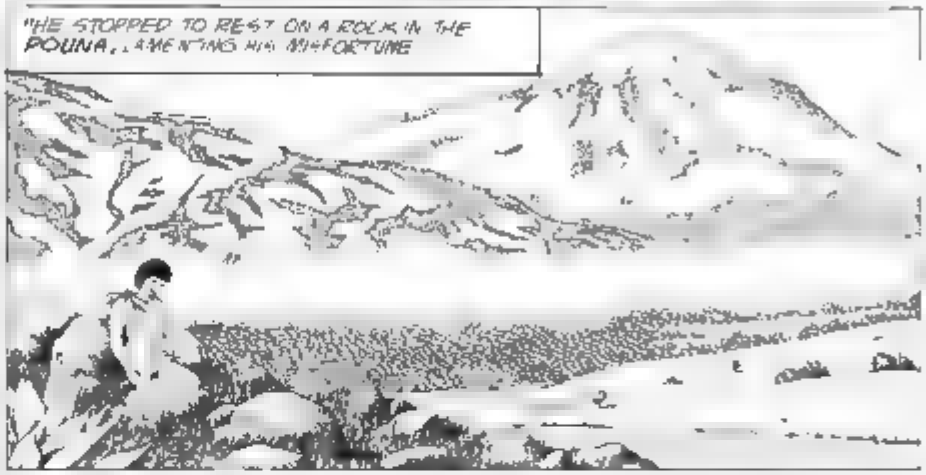

TALAPALCA WAS VERY RIC
HIS BROTHER WAS VERY POOR

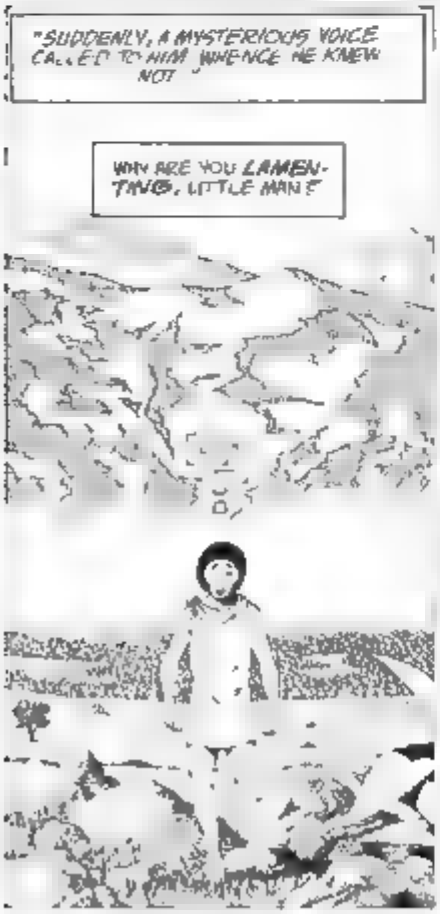

HAVE PITY ON
ME MY BROTHER



* NCA CUSTOM DEMANDED THAT A CHILD'S HEAD BE **SHAPED** WITH THE HELP OF SMALL BOARDS OR STRANDS OF WOOL


"DEEPLY GRIEVED BY THE CONTEMPT THAT HIS BROTHER HAD SHOWN HIM THE POOR MAN LEFT TO SEARCH AS USUAL, FOR THE HERB WHICH SERVED TO FEED HIS FAMILY



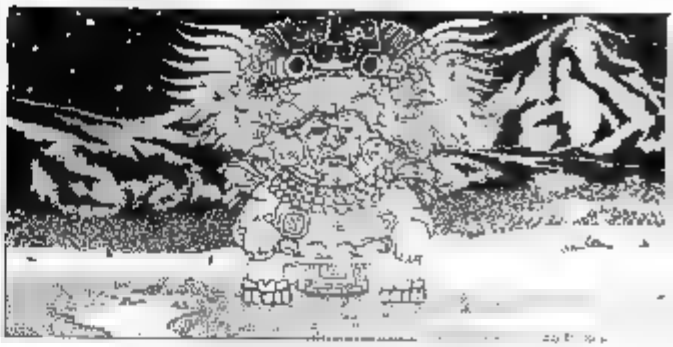


IF YOU ARE XOCHIPILLI* TAKE ME **QUICKLY**, SO THAT I NO LONGER SUFFER THE DISDAIN OF MY BROTHER
I AM NOT **XOCHIPILLI** I AM THE **POUNA** I OFFER YOU SHADE

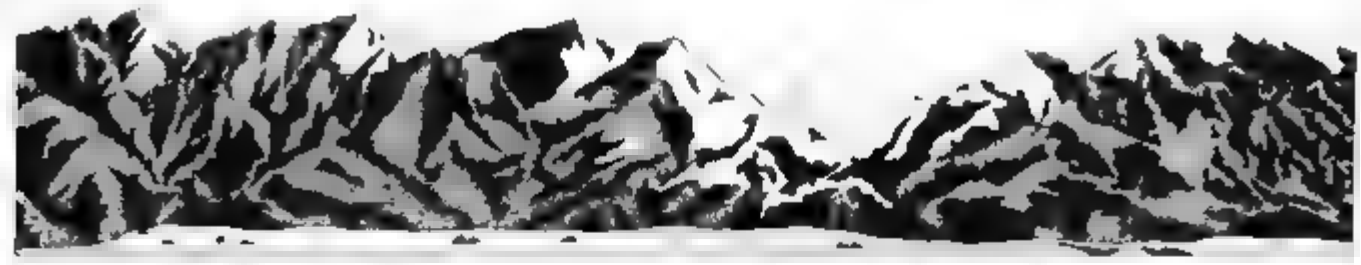
* THE EXTREMELY CRUEL GOD OF **FERTILITY** WHO DEMANDED A NUMBER OF **HUMAN SACRIFICES** EACH YEAR

"OBEYING THE VOICE MORE FROM FEAR OF DISOBEYING IT THAN FROM ANY PERSONAL DESIRE THE YOUNG MAN SET OUT TO FIND THE OLD MAN."
"HE HAD TO TRAVEL THROUGH A DENSE FOREST
"AND CLIMB OVER ARID MOUNTAINS"
"TO REACH 'THE MOUNTAIN WHICH SMOKES'
"NEAR WHICH HE SAW THE SOUGHT AFTER CAVE
I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR
OME HERE

THE POUNA SPOKE OF YOU TO ME HEE HEE! I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU HEE, HEE SOME THING HEE HEE! YOU MUST PROMISE ME HEE HEE NEVER TO BE SEPARATED FROM IT HEE HEE HEE FOR WHATEVER REASON! HEE, HEE HEE!
HEE HEE!
A STONE?!
YES HEE HEE HEE BUT A SACRED STONE
IT CHANGES EVERYTHING!
NOW HEE HEE GO BACK HOME, HEE HEE AND WAIT HEE HEE DO NOT FORGET YOUR PROMISE GO! HEE HEE
"THE POOR MAN WALKED QUICKLY"
"HE COULDN'T MANAGE TO SLEEP FOR HE WAS HUNGRY AND UNHAPPY BUT WHEN HE DID AT LAST DRIFT OFF HE HEARD A CONVERSATION AMONG THE MOUNTAIN, THE POUNA PAMPA
I AM THE MOUNTAIN, AND I WISH TO KNOW WHY THIS POOR MAN IS WEEPING



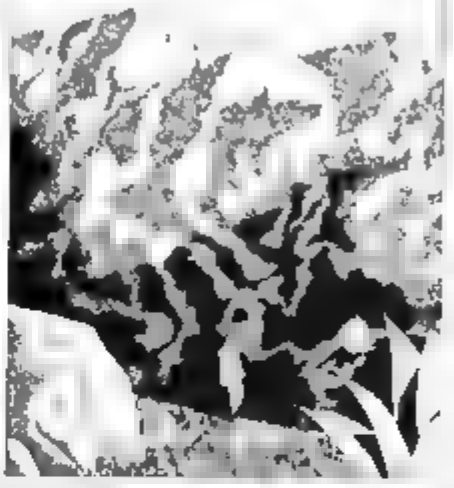
"REASSURED BY THIS THE POOR MAN
BEGAN TO EAT VORACIOUSLY KEEPING
A LITTLE OF THE CONTENTS OF EACH
BEN HOWEVER FOR HIS FAMILY



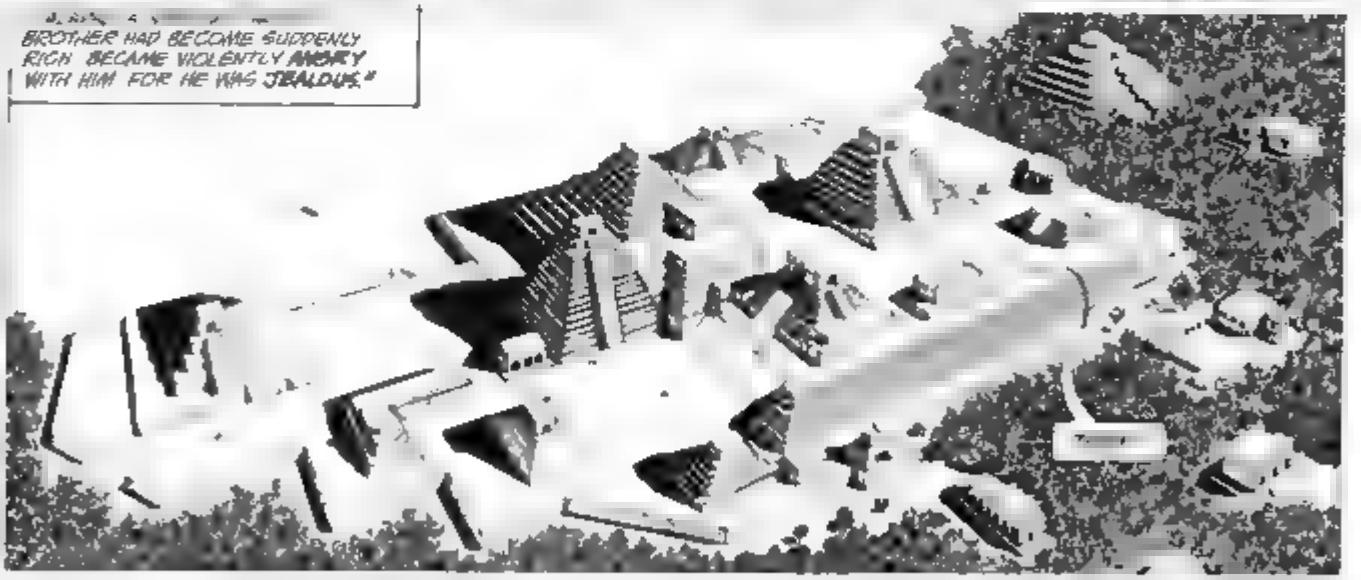
AT [illegible] HE PREPARED TO LEAVE HE CEASED THAT HE [illegible] FOR [illegible]

HE PONDERED THIS AND [illegible] TO HIS SURPRISE THAT THE PORRIDGE OF YELLOW CORN HAD BEEN [illegible] GOLD, THAT OF WHITE SILVER, AND THAT OF BROWN COPPER!

SO HE BURIED ALL HIS BONES AND RETURNED HOME.

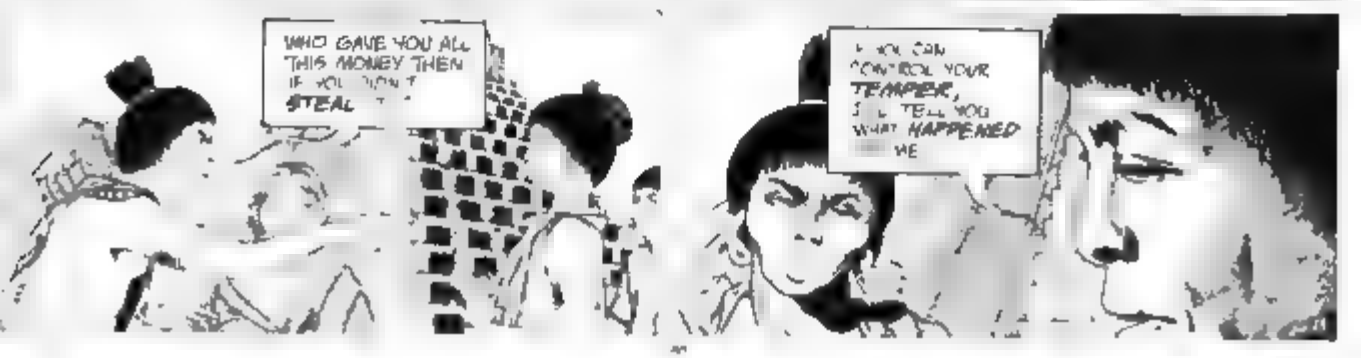


BROTHER HAD BECOME SUDDENLY RICH BECAME VIOLENTLY ANGRY WITH HIM FOR HE WAS JEALOUS."



WHO GAVE YOU ALL THIS MONEY THEN IF YOU [illegible] STEAL

IF YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR TEMPER, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED [illegible] ME



THE STORY WHICH HIS BROTHER TOLD HIM AROUSED TALAPALCA'S GREED, AND SO THE NEXT DAY HE LEFT TO FIND THE CAVE
" WHERE HE FOUND THE OLD MAN
HIS SOUL WAS GREEDY HE WANTED ONLY GOLD, SILVER AND COPPER "
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE
SO THE MOUNTAIN GAVE HIM SOME HORNS THE PAMPA SOME FUR, AND THE POUNA SOME TAIL "
SHHHH
AND FROM THAT DAY TO THIS HE FLEE ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN, THE PAMPA AND THE POUNA
HIS WIFE COULD NOT RECOGNIZE HIM
SHE CHASED HIM AWAY SETTING THE DOGS ON HIM "
P. HE

It is a shame. It seems some people blunder their lives away.
Narrowly escaping disaster, they wander in a daze from crisis to crisis. Do they care nothing for their own best interests?
They can't be helped! I know. I've tried. What was the thanks I got? TREACHERY!
And still they return expecting forgiveness.
I have ultimately supreme goals myself. But unlike some would be heroes, I plan my life with cold mechanical logic. Every decision is weighed carefully against possible
ARD! Enough of your lecture. I've got the Locnar. Will you bargain?
All in due time, Kang. I guess my worst fault is that even after I have been cheated, hurt severely, I still welcome my former friends with an open heart.
DEN

For God's sake, return my family to me and the Locnar is yours.
Not so fast! These things must be done delicately so as not to disturb the supernormal atmospheres.
I trusted you, Kang, and you cheated me. ,so now before this exchange can be made, you must trust me
Give me the Locnar now

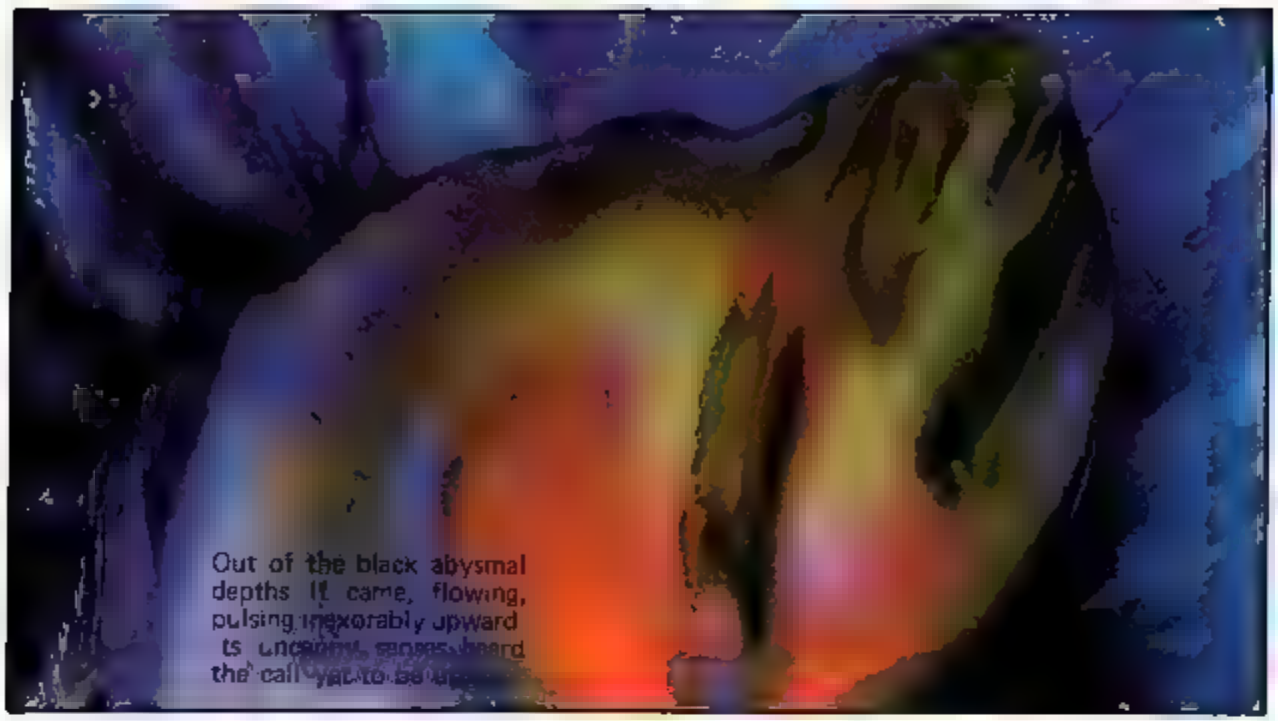
AAAAAAAAAHH!
Hah, Hah, Hah,
Hah Hah, Hah,
Nervous Kang?
Bron, Jopo, set his mind at ease Bring out his loved ones.
YANDORA KRON
KANG!
I just love reunions. All will be forgiven, Kang, if you'll do just one other little thing for me
I will use Kath for the sacrifice, but Dan is bound to make a nuisance of himself Kill him, Kang
NO!
We're quits, now and forever!

I knew you would betray me again
AAAAAAAAHH!
Shall we pursue, sire?
At a pace He won't go far

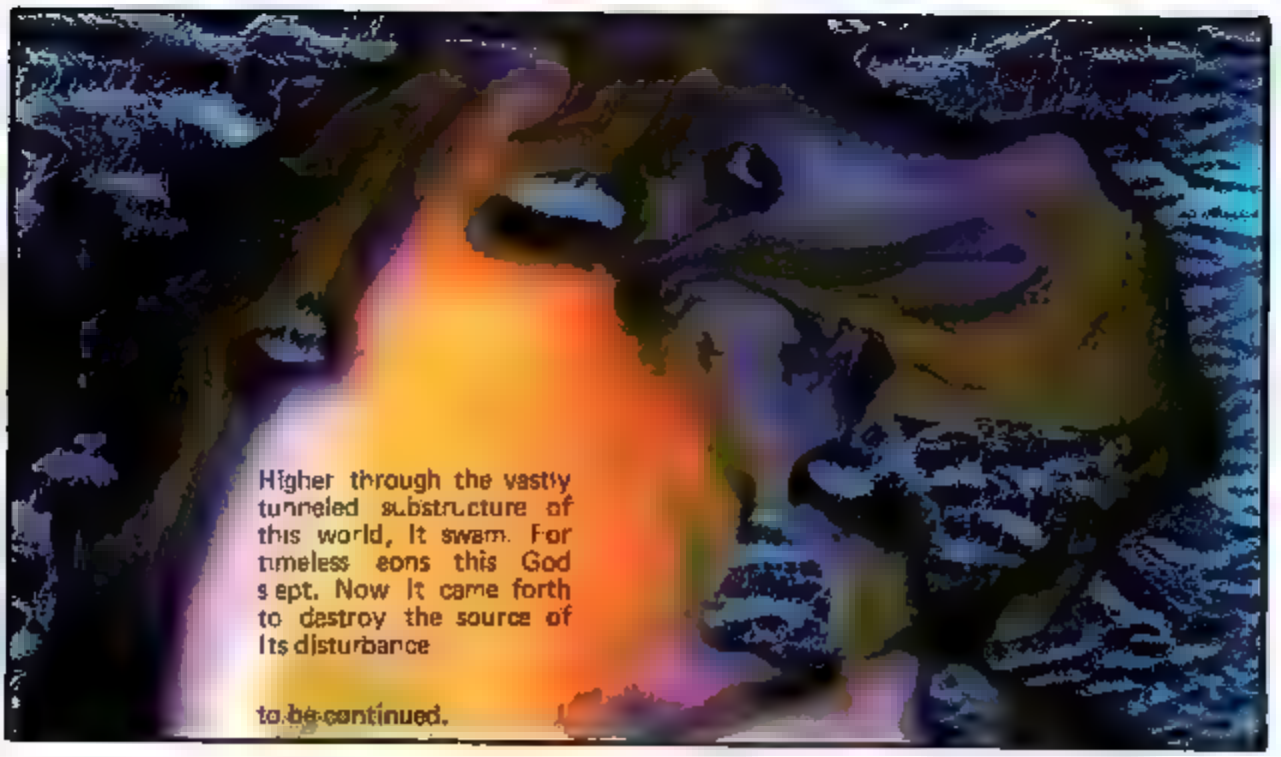
AAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUGH!
That s Kang! What happened?
Where is he?
LOOK There's something over there.
t s him Great Cthulu's Ghost
What magic is this?
Kang's family, they're
KILL ME Kill me, beg of you Each moment I yet live is agony

Your wish
is
my
command
K-KRAK
Soon, very soon the incredible powers of the Universe will be at my command, I think I should prepare Kath
You two seek out Den He's probably sneaking around here somewhere Kill him
Heh, heh, heh! Soon, very soon

Aaah The sleeping beauty
Now, Kath I, Ard, bid you awaken
DEN! oh Den, where are you?
How can you speak the name of that worthless pawn when you are presented with the magnificent Ard?
Your and Den's time is running out. For some consideration I can see to it that your last moments are spent together
THUUMMMMM
THUUMMMMM
THUUMMMMM
THUUMMMMM


Out of the black abysmal depths it came, flowing, pulsing inexorably upward its unconscious cosmos heard the call yet to be

Can you hear it? It's getting louder I've heard it for weeks now It s a premonition of my cataclysmic ascension

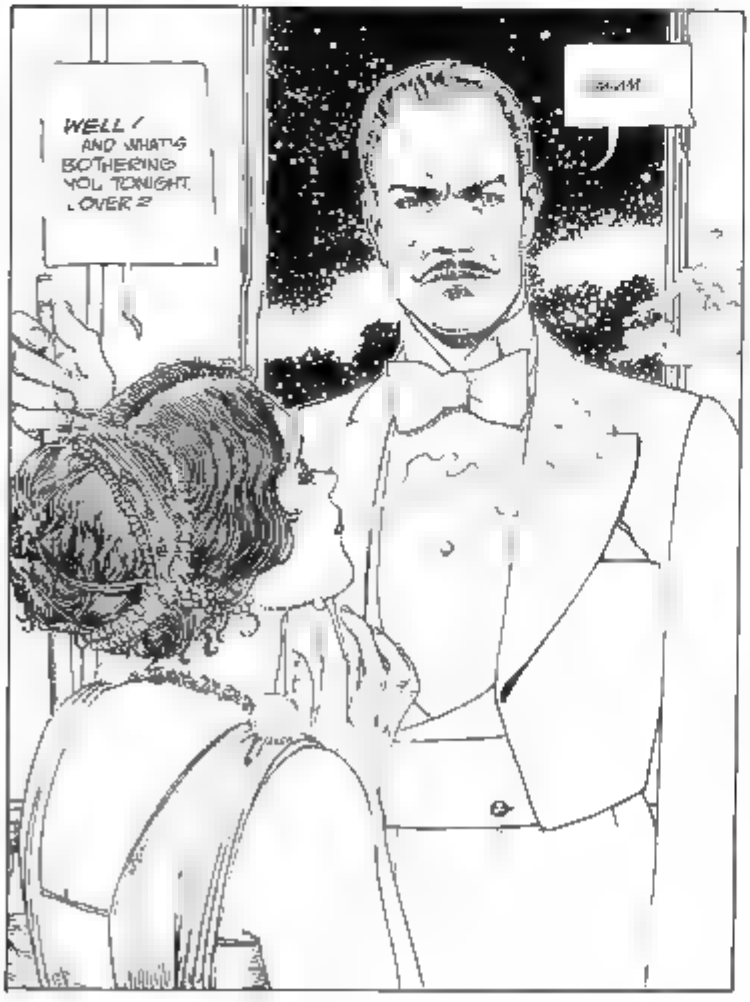

Higher through the vastly tunneled substructure of this world, it swam. For timeless eons this God slept. Now it came forth to destroy the source of its disturbance
to be continued.

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE of JERRY CORNELIUS

FIFTH EPISODE THE MAJOR DISAPPEARS

THE STORY TO DATE EVERYTHING IS GOING VERY BADLY IN JERRY'S GARAGE THE ENGINEER **BARNABUS**, WHILE ATTEMPTING TO **ESCAPE**, KILLED A GUARD THE FATHER OF TWO CHILDREN AS FOR THE MAJOR'S SPY HE ONLY REACHED THE SECOND LEVEL HAVING HAD TO SACRIFICE THE GIANT ROBOT **"STAR BILLIARD."**

MEANWHILE ON BOARD THE "LIGURI" THE PERSONAL SPACE SHIP OF MAJOR GRUBER
THAT'S HIM HIS NAME WOULD BE JERRY CORNELIUS AN INTELLIGENCE REPORT FROM TITAN CLAIMS THAT HE COMES FROM EARTH AN OUTLYING PLANET WHICH I KNOW FROM HAVING STAYED THERE IF THIS INFORMATION IS CORRECT OUR TROUBLES HAVE ONLY BEGUN



WE'LL TALK ABOUT ALL THIS LATER MALVINA I HAVE SEVERAL MATTERS OF GREATER IMPORTANCE TO SEE TO SO ALAS I MUST IMMEDIATELY RETURN TO THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE
HE DOES IS DISAPPEARED!

I MUST FIND THE **SOURCE** OF THIS DOCUMENT

THIS CORNELIUS IS SO HANDSOME!

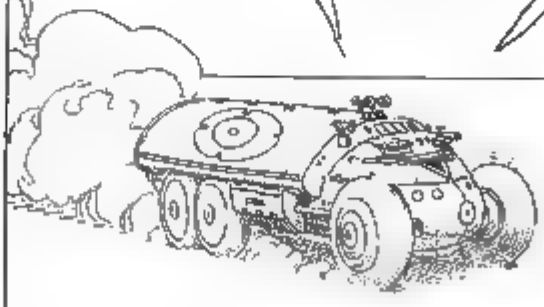
DAMN AND **BLAST IT!** HOW DID THEY PICK UP OUR TRACES AGAIN AFTER ALL THIS TIME! **HELL!** THIS BUSINESS IS MORE SERIOUS THAN I THOUGHT

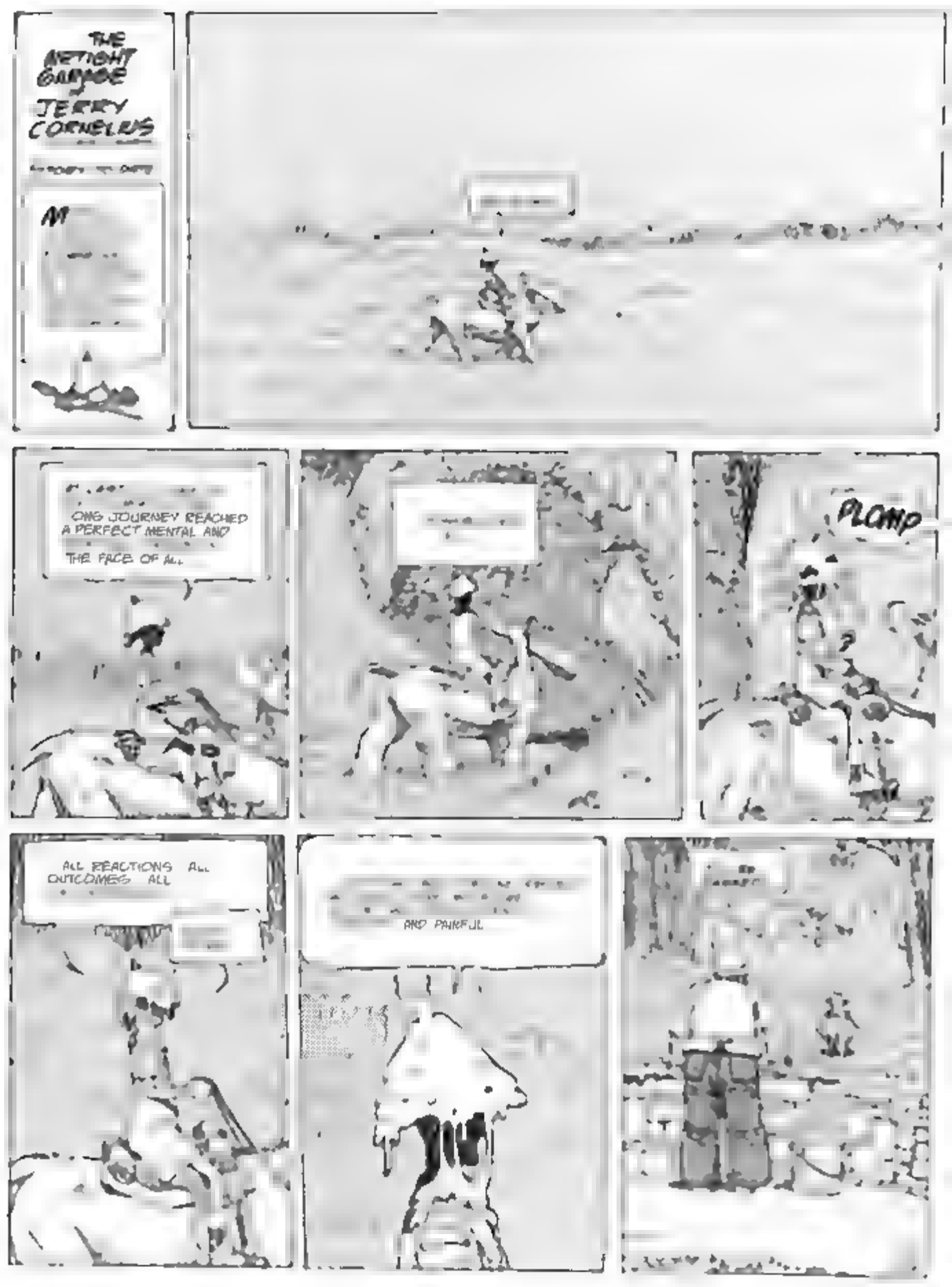
AND MALVINA MUST BE MAD WITH **RAGE** BUT SHE MUSTN'T LEARN THAT THIS CORNELIUS IS THE MAN WHOM "THEY" HAVE SENT OFF IN SEARCH OF US AND WHO HAS FOUND US

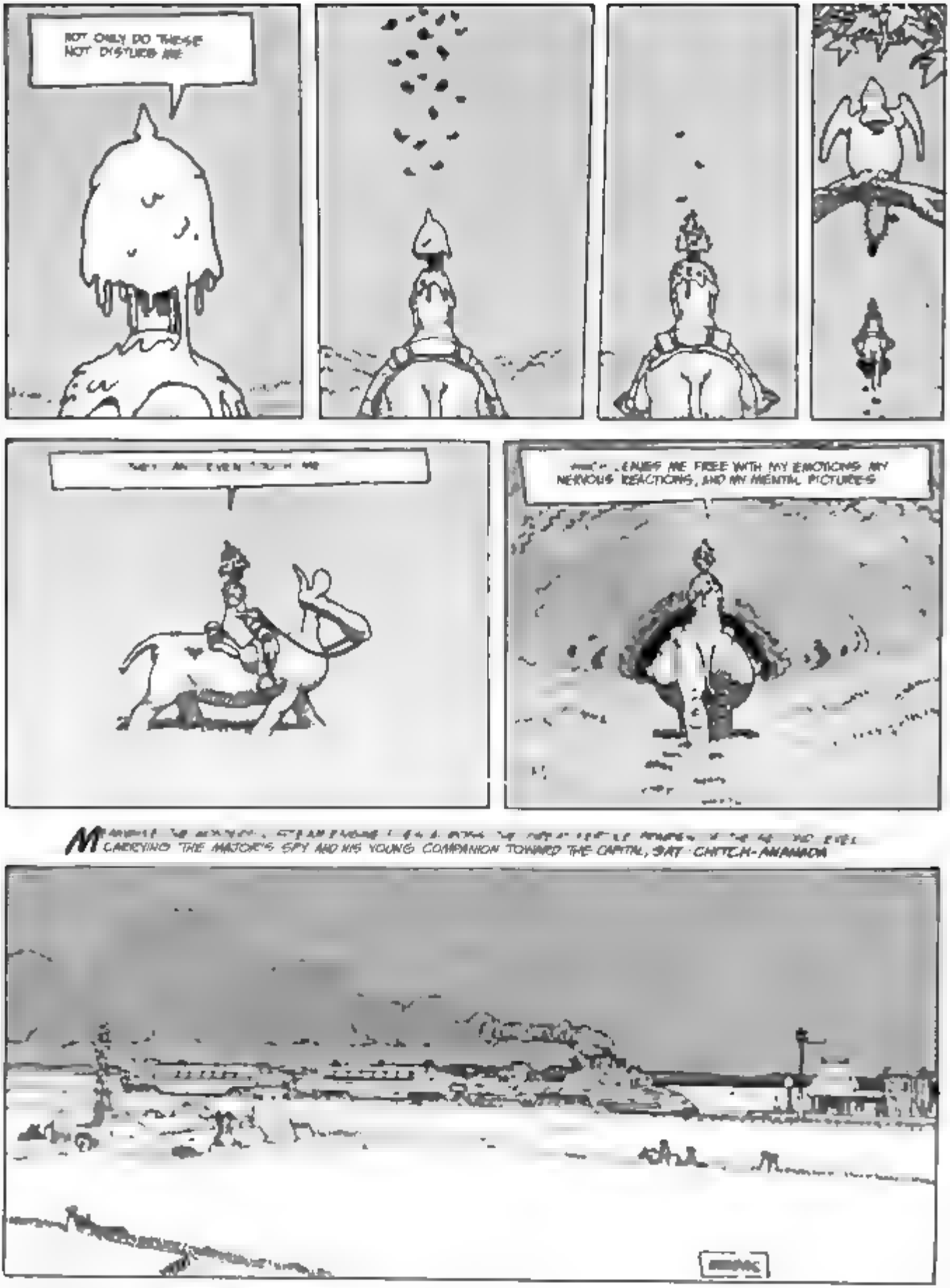
MEANWHILE ON BOARD HIS TRUSTY "TATER 2000," JERRY CORNELIUS PLOUGHS ACROSS THE TUNDRA IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CAPITAL "ARMJOURTH"

COME IN! COME IN! JASPER TO CORNELIUS. JASPER TO CORNELIUS. ONE OF THE MAJOR'S SPIES HAS LANDED ON THE FIRST LEVEL.

AT LAST! THE MAJOR IS BACK! BRAVO JASPER! CONTINUE THE SEARCH FOR YOUNG BARNABUS IN THE AREA OF THE **SINGING CAVES**.

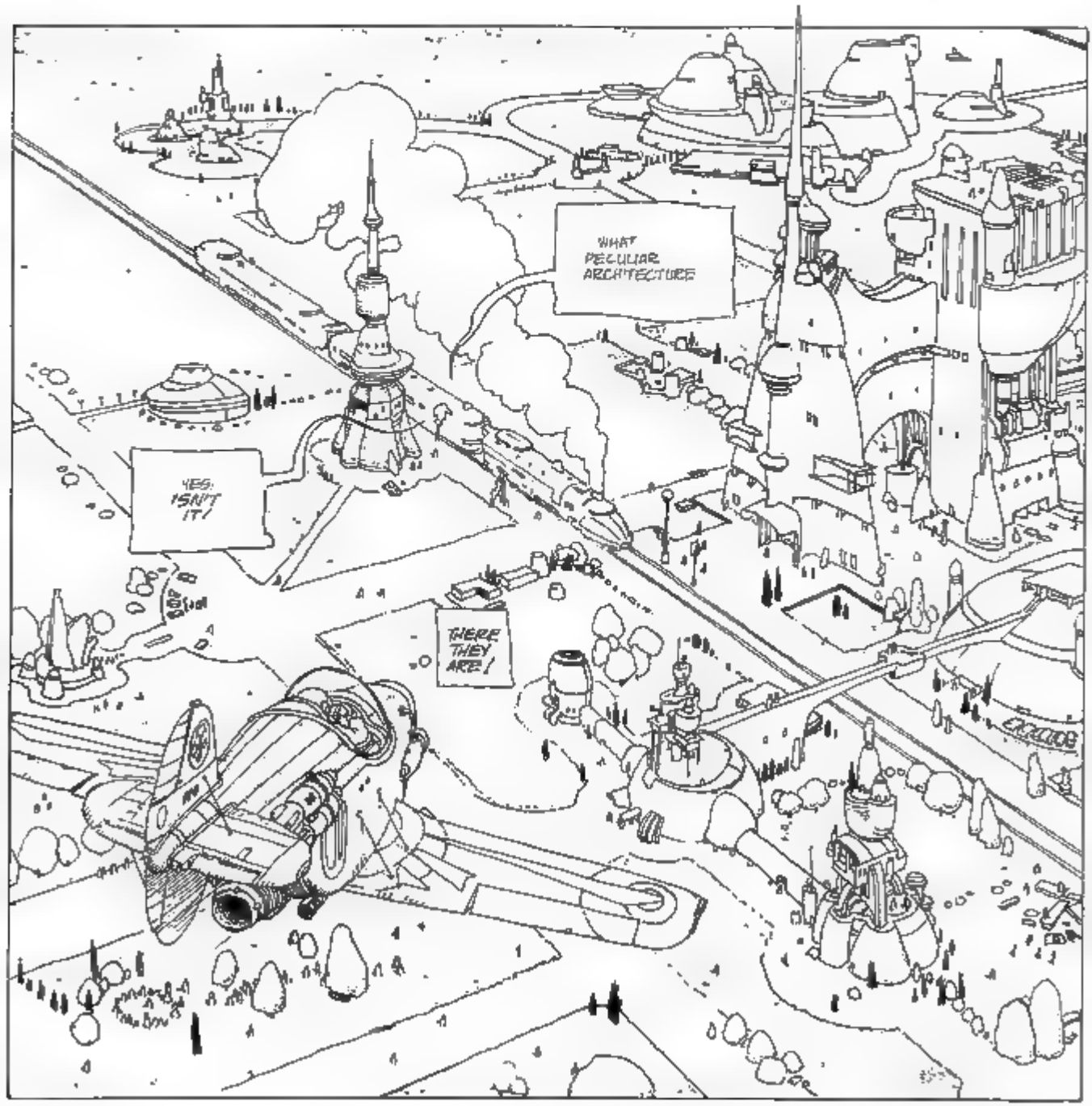


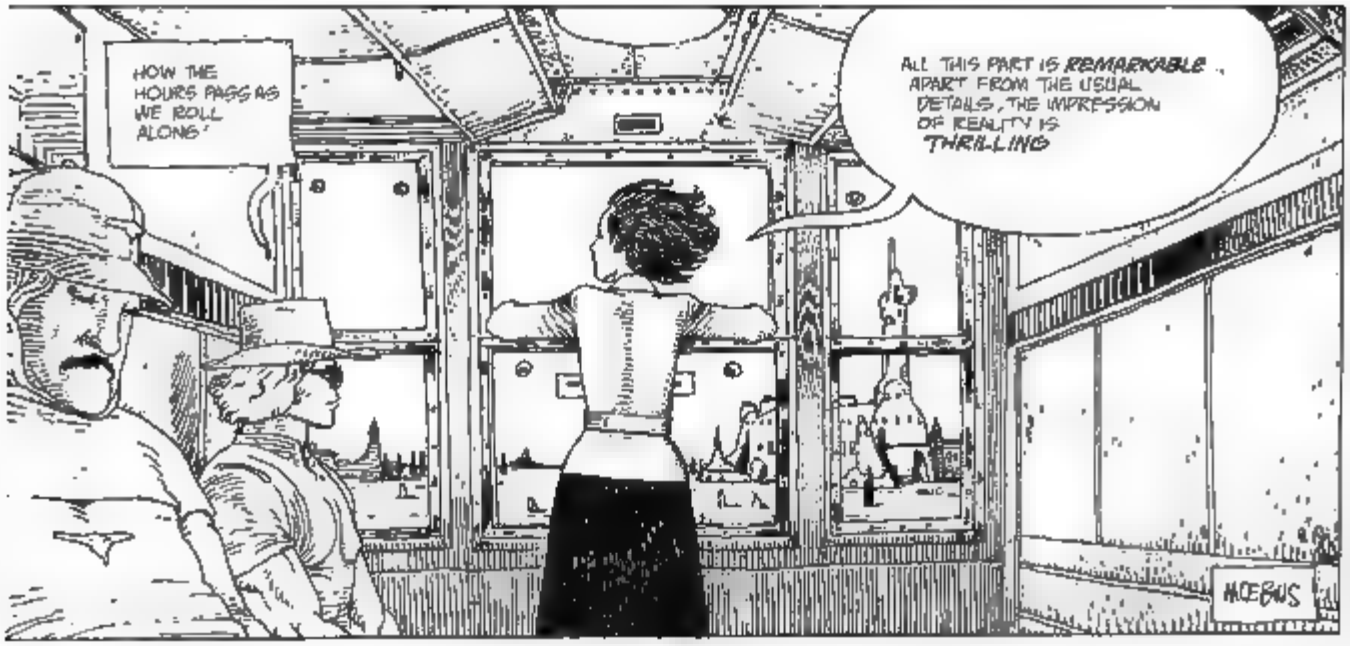

THE
WEIGHT
CARRIER
JERRY
CORNELIUS
ONE JOURNEY REACHED
A PERFECT MENTAL AND
THE FACE OF ALL
PLOMP
ALL REACTIONS ALL
OUTCOMES ALL
AND PAINFUL

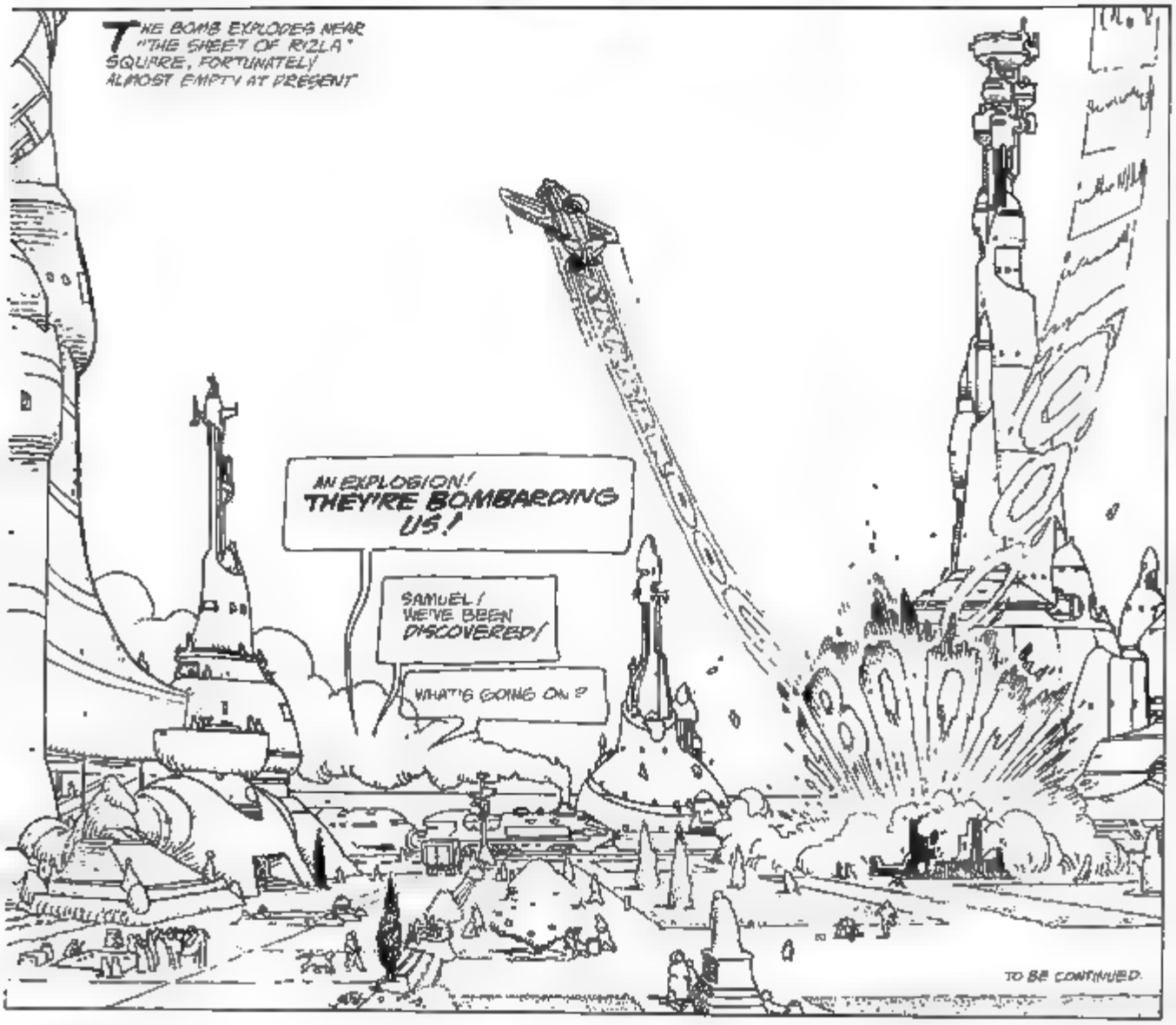

NOT ONLY DO THESE NOT DISTURB ME
...LEAVES ME FREE WITH MY EMOTIONS MY NERVOUS REACTIONS, AND MY MENTAL PICTURES
CARRYING THE MAJOR'S SPY AND HIS YOUNG COMPANION TOWARD THE CAPITAL, SAT CHITCH-ANAMADA

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE of JERRY CORN.

STORY TO DATE: THE ENGINEER **BARNABUS**, TOTALLY PARANOID AFTER BREAKING THE SPECIAL MACHINE, HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN THE **SINGING MOUNTAINS**. **JERRY CORNELIUS** ROLLS TOWARD **ARMAGUETH**, THE CAPITAL OF THE THIRD LEVEL ON BOARD HIS UNSEIZABLE **QG** (SAYS THE LEGEND) ALWAYS IN CONTACT WITH HIS FAITHFUL **JASPER MAJOR GRUBERT** HAS LEFT THE "LIQUID" HAVING DECIDED TO FACE THE INVADER OF HIS UNIVERSE **IN PERSON**. AS FOR **SAMUEL Z MOKAD**, SPY HE ROLLS ALONG TOWARD THE GREAT OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAPITAL OF THE SECOND LEVEL IN A SPLENDID STEAM ENGINE ACCOMPANIED BY HIS "FIANCEE"




HOW THE HOURS PASS AS WE ROLL ALONG'
ALL THIS PART IS REMARKABLE., APART FROM THE USUAL DETAILS, THE IMPRESSION OF REALITY IS THRILLING
MŒBIUS


THE BOMB EXPLODES NEAR "THE SHEET OF RIZLA" SQUARE, FORTUNATELY ALMOST EMPTY AT PRESENT
AN EXPLOSION! THEY'RE BOMBARDING US!
SAMUEL! WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
BOOM
TO BE CONTINUED

1996

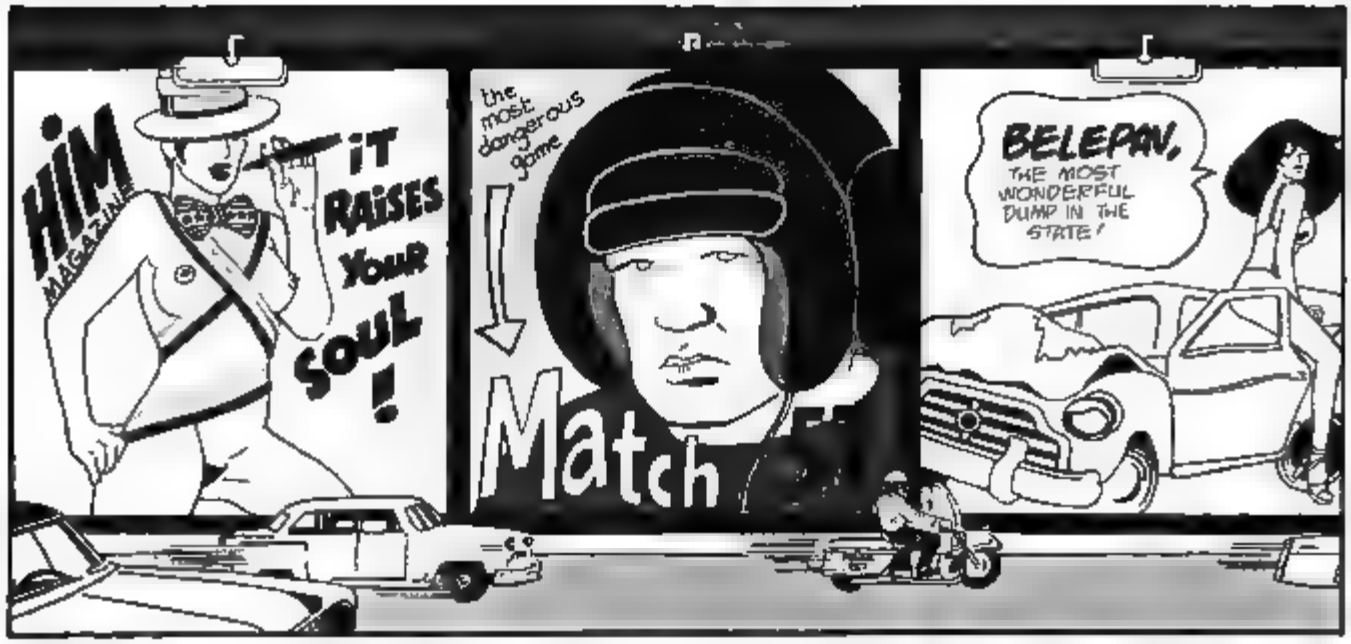
CHANTAL MONTELLIER

CEAZY DAM THING HABBENA ME COME TAYEIN INA NYORK TRYNA PIGUB A FOG LITE IGOD THIZ FYDE JBINTARIO NEBSDAY FIGURE BEDDER TAYGA CAR BUD THIZ FOG GOIN ON LAZ CUBBLA WEEGS . I WANNA BUY A PAYRA FOG LITES MAYBZ SENZ RIDE?
FIGUREI GODDA FYN THAD KINDA STUFF HERE AN I'M ONA ROAD AN I SEE THIZ RILLY BIG JUNGYARD, KINDA DUMP, YAKNOW AN I FIGURE SO. FOG LITES DON HAVTA BE NEW!
I STOB PULLOV THE ROAD THEN, KINDA REFLEX
KII
HA! THEREYAR, LIDDLE FELLA! WHEREYABIN?
?
C
Kii
AWAYS BUNNIN ROUN!
WHYINCHA TYER UB?
LIL BUG-GER!
Hi
CHEER AD? CHEER DEE SED? I SHUD TYU UB? WHATCHA SAY?
KR
AINCHER SWEED?
RIDE, RIDE, YOOR SAYIN?

MARS
IYUZ SAYIN, I GED OWD TH CAR, AN NATCHERLY LOOG FUR MY WALLID .
HUH AN THEN ?
AN THEN . NO FUGGIN WALLID!
MAGINE ID ! JUZ MAGINE ID ! I COME TAVERN ALLAWAY NYORK T BUYA CUBBLA FOB LITES AN I'M STANIN ARDUN AN I DON EVEN HAVENUV BAZ T GED BAG!
CAN YU MAGINE ID?
HMMM
I JUZ GODDA GED HOME IZALL I KNOW ID SOWNZ DUM
JUZ A SEG.
D GIVID BAG RIDE ANDER THE PIPE, YKNOW!
HERE FUR TH FOB LITES
BUD I CAND
TAYG ID!
IS OBAY
I TRUZ YOU!

SO, HOWZ ID GOIN AD TH JIM?
AW, YKNOW NOD GOOD, NOD BAD BUD IDZ NOD TH SAME AZID WUZ WHEN YOOR THERE I MEAN
THIZGUY PEREZ HEEZ A GOOD DRAYNER ANALL BUD HEEZ WEERD! ALLAGUYS MISS YOU, FURSHER?
ANYWAYZ...
I GODDA GED GOIN
HEY BOSS HOWBOUDA DRINK?
CLINK CLINK
MEMBER NOW COME SEE FREDO NEVER YOU WANNA NIF YOU NEED SUMPIN, YKNOW
TAYG CARE IN TH RING
DON WORRY
I PAG BAG MY DETS!
SPARE CHANGE MISSDER?
HEY!
MISSDER...
SEEYA ROUN!
LAYDER!
ZZA
95
MO
D

BLUE MOON BAR
COME TO BELEPAW


HIM MAGAZINE
IT RAISES YOUR SOUL!
the most dangerous game
Match
BELEPAV, THE MOST WONDERFUL DUMP IN THE STATE!

WELCOME TO BELEPAV!
Fier

CHAIN MAIL

Gentlemen

Let's see more of "Den up and around, so to speak. On page 49 of your last issue, Corben missed a terrific opportunity to show our hero at his manly best. Why so coy? More, more, more!

Happy Reader
Knoxville, Tenn.

So help us, that is a real letter. And so is this.

Dear *HM*:

Wow. I had heard about *Heavy Metal* and decided to check it out. I was impressed (understatement of the millenium.)

Jim Bierbaum
Dover, Delaware

Thank you, James. Perhaps you could open a pen pal relationship with young Mike, who writes:

Dear Editors:

I'd like to mention a few things that I'm certain aren't news to you, but that you may have chosen to forget/ignore.

Your subscription cards might be more accurate if they read "Only the publishers who had the money to bring you the *National Lampoon* would give you *Heavy Metal*." Let's face it, cash is what you're all about. You don't even have the creativity to look for submissions other than what *Metal Hurlant* accepts. You are exploiting the art form, you are corporate cultists.

My greatest personal complaint, aside from your shocking lack of creativity, is your brutal mutilation of Vaughn Bodé's "Sunpot." The concept that you would use another artist to color his work is disturbing, but it becomes appalling when the surrogate artist colors in a style *not even similar* to that of the original artist!

I have no real qualms with the quality of the art, every piece *is* stunning, and the format and concept is a welcome one. I only wish it could have been done with more compassion, caring, and perhaps honesty.

Mike Wagner
Newport Beach, Calif.

Gee, Mike, that's a kick right in the old cash nexus! If we ever get out Newport Beach way, let's sit down and grok some stone ground bullshit together! —Eds.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. $4.00

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Sheila, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($3.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. ($2.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($2.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes, 10 pages of color Moebius, the Airtight Garage, Den and Polonius *redux*, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. ($2.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, ex-pugs, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story. The heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($2.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.($2.00)

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS, white with black lettering and art, with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of *Heavy Metal*. ($5.50)

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 178 635 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	Apr. 1977	$4.00
_____	May 1977	$4.00
_____	June, 1977	$3.00
_____	July 1977	$3.00
_____	Aug., 1977	$2.00
_____	Sept., 1977	$2.00
_____	Oct. 1977	$2.00
_____	Nov. 1977	$2.00
_____	Dec., 1977	$2.00
_____	Binder	$5.50

I enclose a total of $_____

This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name_____

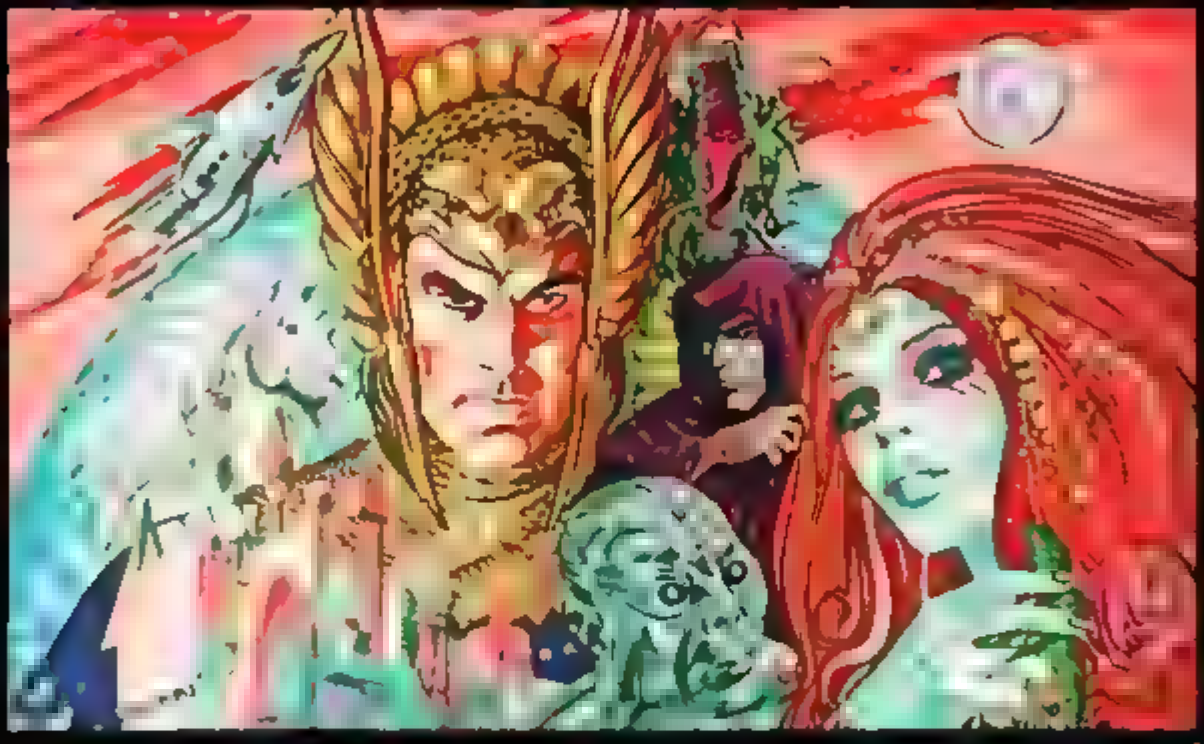
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

The Illustrated ROGER ZELAZNY

A VERY SPECIAL SIGNED EDITION for READERS and COLLECTORS



Roger Zelazny. Huge-award winning author of fantasy and s.f., and Greg Manchess, famed s.f. cover artist, have combined their talents to produce a deluxe, full-color illustrated book of the most beloved Zelazny tales and characters.

A stunning collection of graphic stories, illustrations and never-before-published Zelazny material. The Illustrated Zelazny is one of the most lavish fantasy books ever produced.

Among its features are a new 20-page book of Manchess graphic story, epic murals based on Creatio and the Amber worlds, an illustrated version of A Rose for Ecclesiastes, and the first graphic story version of The Doors of His Face, the Lamps of His Mouth.

Now, prior to publication, artists collectors of Roger Zelazny and fantasy art can order a limited, numbered deluxe hardcover edition of this book. Unavailable in bookstores, this magnificent volume will be personally signed by Zelazny and Manchess.

Strictly limited to 2,500 copies, each book will contain a special signature color plate and engraved cloth jacket. Once these editions are sold, no more copies will be produced. All orders received after these are gone will be returned. The limited Illustrated Zelazny may be ordered now, in advance of regular publication of the book from Baronet Publishing Company, 509 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Dept. C1-3.

[illegible] TOLL FREE 800-453-2400 (IN UTAH, CALL [illegible])

[illegible] $15.00, $14.95 plus 95¢ postage and handling, [illegible] each signed copy

Card Account #

Expiration Date

Send to:

BARONET PUBLISHING COMPANY, 509 MADISON AVE. DEPT. C1-3, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Mr. Mrs. Miss Ms.

Address

City/State/Zip

Please send me a signed edition of

The Illustrated ROGER ZELAZNY

I understand the book will be shipped immediately after publication January 1978

What's weirder than a time warp, unique as a unicorn? A magazine that's totally new in concept, a magazine that's brilliantly executed, a magazine that has real impact on its readers. Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine, is one.

Published by Twenty First Century Communications, the creators of National Lampoon, it began in March of '77 with a limited distribution. Within months, its sales had tripled.

Heavy Metal has already gone far beyond any magazine of fantasy or science fiction in the quality of its artwork, the daring of its stories, the number of copies sold.

We have quoted a fan who wrote to us: "Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. A most

You can subscribe today.

Heavy Metal, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 HM178

Yes, I want to be a subscriber to Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine. I realize that this subscription entitles me to about $8.00 in free subscription gifts listed below.

☐ I have enclosed my check or money order.

☐ Charge to my Master Charge #_____

BankAmericard #_____

Bank #_____ Expiration Date _____
Month Year

Signature _____

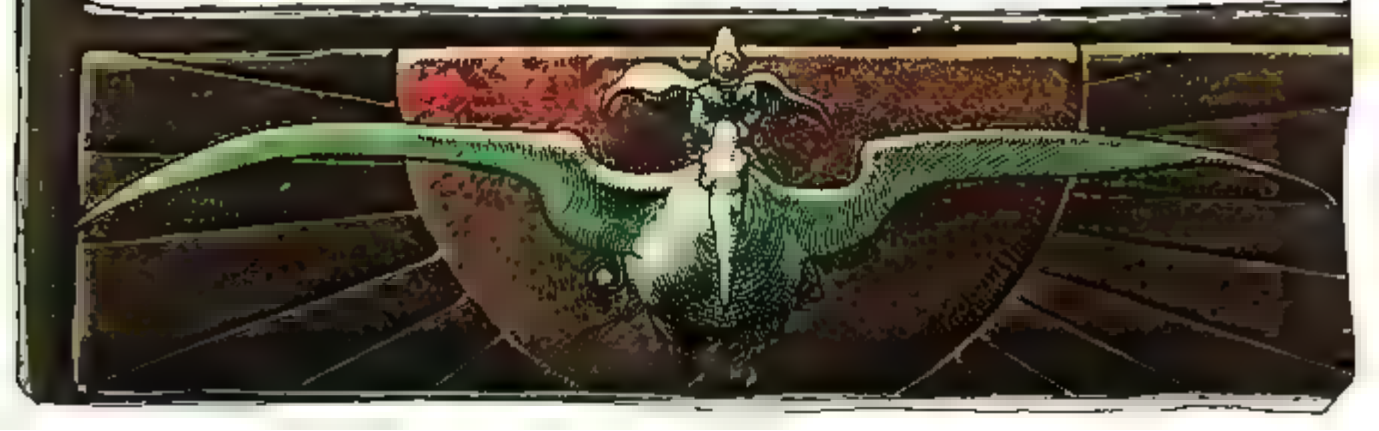
☐ One year (12 issues).	$18.00.	Deduct $8.00 - you pay $10.00
☐ Two years (24 issues).	$26.00	Deduct $8.00 - you pay $18.00
☐ Three years (36 issues).	$33.00	Deduct $8.00 - you pay $25.00

Send my subscription to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE ZIP:



SPACE SOAP OPERA
HERE I AM, MADAME
SO YOU RECEIVED YOUR DEPARTURE ORDER, CARL
YES THIS MORNING. THE ORDER WAS TRANSMITTED ON THE TELEPRINTER. I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT RIGHT AWAY
AND YOU CAN'T ASK CENTRAL TO DELAY IT. EVEN FOR A FEW DAYS
NO, YOU KNOW THAT THE ORDER IS ABSOLUTE. I MUST LEAVE HERE TODAY TO TAKE UP MY NEW ASSIGNMENT
OH, CARL. OF COURSE, I KNEW FROM THE FIRST DAY THAT YOU WOULD HAVE TO LEAVE ME IN A YEAR. BUT
THIS IS DOUBTLESS GOING TO SEEM INCREDIBLE TO YOU BUT I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU ARE FEELING
I KNOW IT CARL, YOU ARE SO MUCH LIKE A... A
DON'T SAY ANYTHING. I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW.
I WON'T SAY FAREWELL TO YOU. I WON'T! I WON'T!
WILL YOUR REPLACEMENT BE LIKE YOU?
THE CHAMBER IS OPEN CARL.
MY MY EYES.. WHAT IS THIS UNKNOWN SENSATION?
CENTRAL HERE! WHAT'S HAPPENING CARL? YOUR METABOLISM REVEALS ABNORMAL BEHAVIOR COME IN CARL
FIN

CONQUERING ARMIES

SCRIPT JEAN-PIERRE DIONNET
ART JEAN-CLAUDE GAL

IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE CONQUERING ARMIES REACHED THE SEA

THEY TOOK THE FORTIFIED PENINSULA OF ACADEL THEY OCCUPIED SACAGHOA TWO HOURS AND THEY PILLAGED AGOLA BECAUSE OF A BANTERING SONG WHICH HAD DISPLEASED THE DRINCE

BUT THEY HAD NEVER ATTACKED LAMMS.

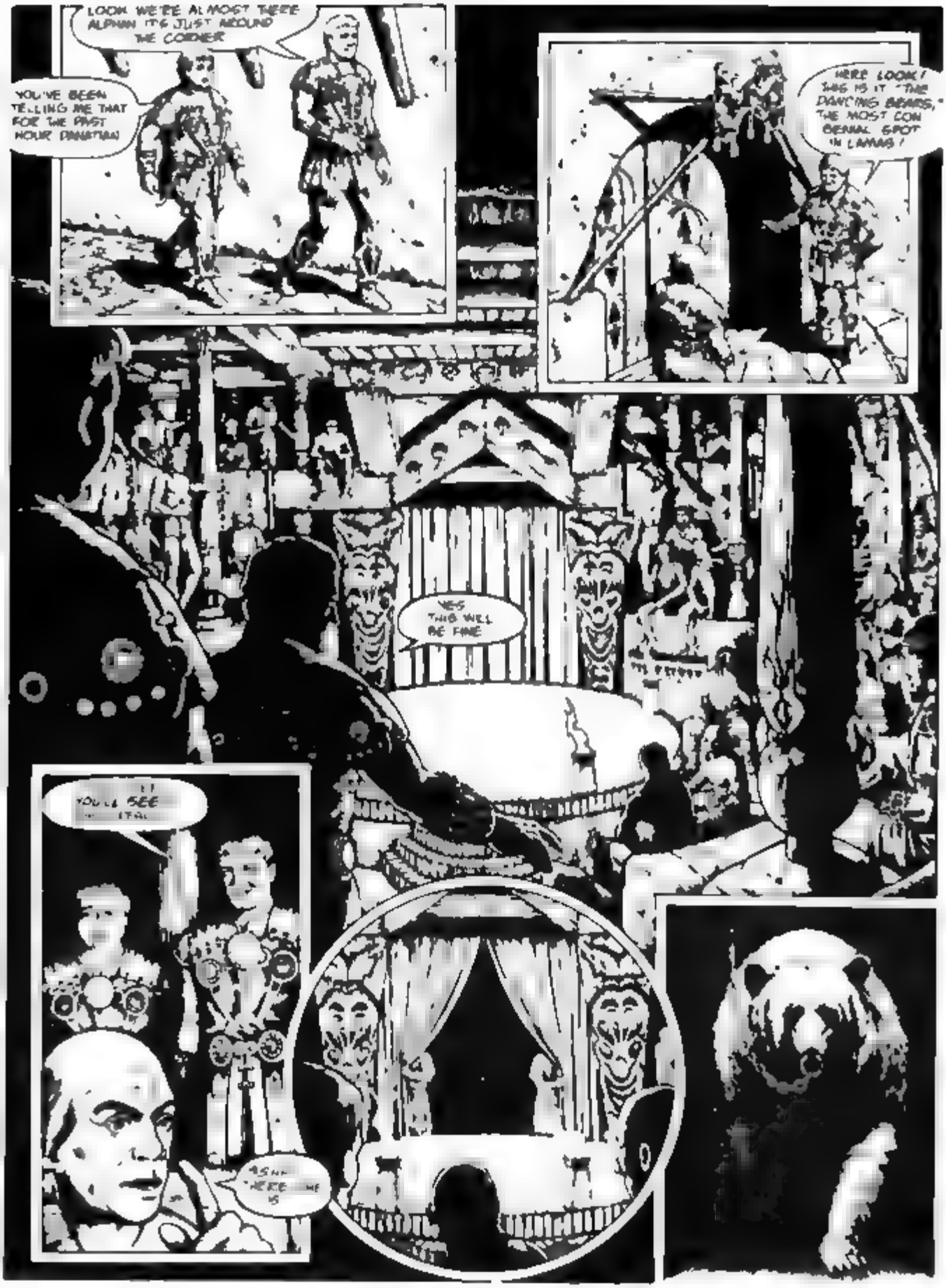
LAMMS THAT IMPERISHABLE PORT CITY WHOSE ORIGIN REMAINED UNKNOWN

LAMMS, WITH ITS BIZARRE MARKETS WHERE NOW AND THEN STRANGE THINGS WERE SOLD

LAMMS, WHOSE SCORNFUL FISHERMEN WERE PROUD TO BE THE ONLY MEN WHO DARED GO BEYOND THE HORIZON

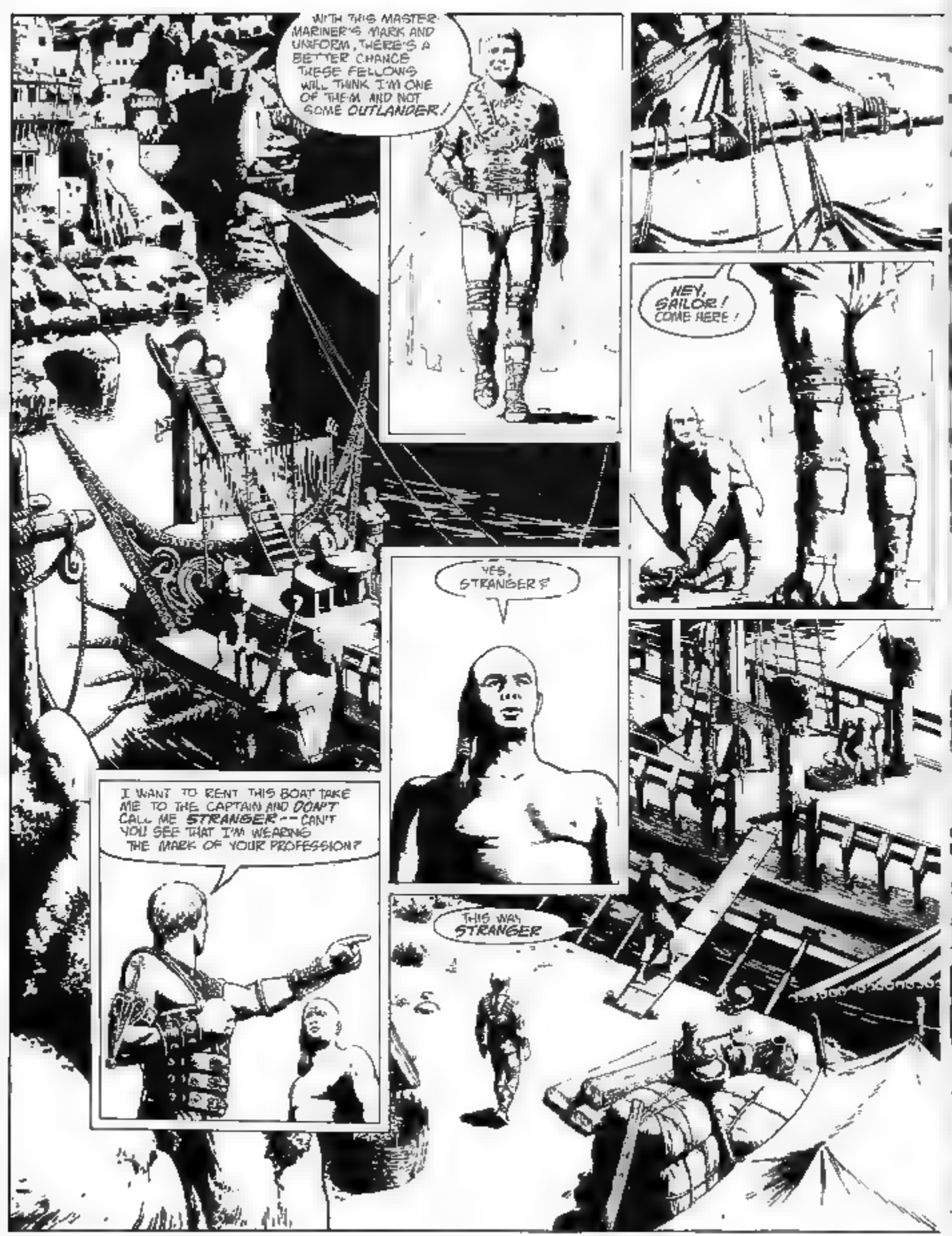
[illegible] CONQUEROR USED TO SAY [illegible] ONE DAY HE WOULD [illegible] DOUBTLESS HAVE NEED OF THEM [illegible] BUT HE WANTED TO WIN THEM OVER [illegible] WITHOUT RESORTING TO FORCE

[illegible] LIES IT [illegible] UP IN LAMMS


LOOK WE'RE ALMOST THERE ALPHIN IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER
YOU'VE BEEN TELLING ME THAT FOR THE PAST HOUR DIMATTAN
HERE LOOK! THIS IS IT "THE DANCING BEARS," THE MOST CON GENIAL SPOT IN LAMAS!
YES THIS WILL BE FINE
YOU'LL SEE
AS HE HERE IS

AH, YES! SHE'S REALLY GOOD!
SHE SMILED AT ME SHE SMILED AT ME!
YOU'RE SURE?
I TELL YOU SHE SMILED AT ME!
YOU LUCKY DOG! I KNOW HOW TO GET BACK STAGE AFTER THE DANCE I'LL TAKE YOU TO HER

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITHOUT YOU I WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND MY WAY THROUGH THIS MAZE!
LOOK HERE'S ONE
BEAUTIFUL MAN
THERE AS PROMISED
YOU DIDN'T REALLY HURT HIM DID YOU? HE REALLY IS A GOOD FRIEND
YOU EXAGGERATE I'M REALLY JUST


WITH THIS MASTER MARINER'S MARK AND UNIFORM, THERE'S A BETTER CHANCE THESE FELLOWS WILL THINK I'M ONE OF THEM AND NOT SOME OUTLANDER!
HEY, SAILOR! COME HERE!
YES, STRANGER?
I WANT TO RENT THIS BOAT TAKE ME TO THE CAPTAIN AND DON'T CALL ME STRANGER -- CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M WEARING THE MARK OF YOUR PROFESSION?
THIS WAY STRANGER

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR TO PUT OUT TO SEA?
FOR THE WIND TO RISE, MASTER MARTIAN...
I'M SO UNSURE TO BE OUT
VERY WELL CAPTAIN
IF THE GALLEY WE'LL LEAVE THE PORT BY ROWING OUT
MASTER MARTIAN
DOOR

THE VOYAGE WAS LONG, THE WINDS WERE NOT VERY FAVORABLE AND ON THE SIXTH DAY, WHILE DANATIAN WAS SLEEPING
DREAMING OF ATTRACTIVE PROSPECTS..
BAM!
BAM!
CRACK!
SO, YOU'RE THE PASSENGER WHO COMPLAINED ABOUT OUR LAZINESS?

LOOK

BRING HIM TO ME!
ALPHAN!
DANATIAN! WHAT A NICE SURPRISE!
WELL, I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. YOU KNOW I'M I'M REALLY SORRY I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME
I UNDERSTAND OLD FRIEND AND I FORGIVE YOU. I REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS BUT
I'M AFRAID MY COMPANIONS AREN'T GOING TO ALLOW THEMSELVES TO FORGET YOUR REGRETTABLE DEEDS - BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU OLD FRIEND
AND I'LL PERSONALLY SEE TO YOUR COMFORT

BONG BONG
FOOD FOR PITY'S SAKE FOOD OR AT LEAST A LITTLE WATER
CLACK
ALPHAN! YOU'VE COME TO FREE ME AT LAST
ALPHAN
A VISIT!

'D HEAVY ME AL

YOUR MUTINY WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED, YOU PIG. BUT THE NEW CAPTAIN DOESN'T LIKE IT VERY MUCH WHEN SOMEONE TRIES TO TREAD ON HIS TOES!
MAYBE I'M GOING TO DIE OF HUNGER, BUT NOT BEFORE YOU WAKE UP, YOU PIECE OF SHIT!
YOU'RE GOING TO SUFFER, ALPHAN!
GOOD LUCK, GUYS! I'M SURE YOU WON'T BE BORED! HA! HA! HA!
THE PORT OF LUBINA, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA

LUBINA WITH ITS SLAVE MARKETS
AND NOW TWO MAGNIFICENT WARRIORS, A LITTLE THIN BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT

A COUPLE OF DAYS WORK IN THE FIELDS WILL SPRUCE THEM UP, HA, HA!
JUST REMEMBER TO KEEP THEM SEPARATED FROM EACH OTHER · THEY DON'T LIKE EACH OTHER VERY MUCH
THE BIDDING BEGINS AT TEN THOUSAND SHADES BUT YOU CAN IN SPITE OF THE CUSTOM, OFFER LESS
THAN TEN THOUSAND SHADES! SOLD TO THIS GENTLE MAN!

A LITTLE FASTER, WE'RE GETTING THERE!
AND DON'T START FIGHTING WITH EACH OTHER AGAIN ALL THE TIME. BY ALL THAT'S HOLY! WHAT'S THE POINT OF IT? YOU COULD HAVE DONE WORSE, I ASSURE YOU!
I PROVIDE PLENTY OF FOOD FOR THOSE WHO WORK HARD AND I DON'T BEAT ANYONE WITHOUT CAUSE
IF YOU WORK HARD, YOU WILL EAT WELL IF YOU REALLY WORK LIKE A HORSE
YOU CAN EAT LIKE A HORSE, AND YOU HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

AAAAHHHH...
ARGH
BASTARD! TREATING US LIKE HORSES!
HE JUST DIDN'T KNOW THE STRENGTH OF A FRIENDSHIP LIKE OURS

Great Gift Books of Fantasy Art

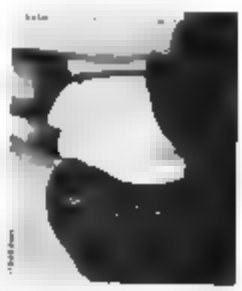
9101. VIEWS. Already a runaway best seller in Europe and an underground sensation in America, *Views* is the collected record jacket paintings (for such groups as Gentle Giant, Osibisa, and Yes), the fantasy book covers, illustrations, posters, sketches, and psychedelic architectural designs of England's incredibly talented young artist, Roger Dean. 160 oversized pages, in brilliant color, 11" x 12". Softbound. **Only $9.95**

9102. MYTHOPOEIKON by Patrick Woodroffe. *Mythopoeikon* presents the paintings, etchings, book jacket, and record sleeve illustrations by one of the world's most popular fantasy/science fiction artists, with notes and commentary by the author. *Mythopoeikon* shows how Woodroffe has evolved a unique style, combining minute surface detail and texture with images that evoke a grotesque and startling fusion of the everyday and the bizarre. A brilliant visual experience– a book that will dazzle the eye and the mind of anyone who sees it. 8½" x 11". Softbound **Only $9.95**

9103. ARIEL: THE BOOK OF FANTASY– Volume Two. The fanzine in a class by itself, beautifully designed and brilliantly edited with full color illustrations by Frazetta, Corben, and Jones, fiction by Moorcock, Ellison, Bradbury and LeGuin, essays on Dodo and Frankenstein, sensational photos, reviews, comics, and interviews. 8½" x 11". Softbound **Only $6.95**

9104. ALBUM COVER ALBUM. The most imaginative, outrageous art of our time is on album covers and here, full size, full color, are 200 of the greatest. Warhol for The Stones, Crumb for Janis Peter Max for Mamas and Papas. Art that attacks and that matches the excitement of the greatest in jazz and rock. Forward by Roger Dean. 12" x 12". Softbound **Only $10.95**

9107. FRANK KELLY FREAS, THE ART OF SCIENCE FICTION. The [illegible] art acclaims [illegible] trailers and [illegible] Frank Kelly Freas offers this [illegible] Burst award-winning paintings and drawings with 15 full-color full-page plates, over 80 additional color plates and numerous black and white illustrations. For the serious art student and collector as well as the science fiction fan, Freas describes the evolution of his technique, his views on science fiction illustrations, and his personal approach to [illegible] 160 pages [illegible] Softbound **Only $7.95**



9106. WHITE WOMEN: THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF HELMUT NEWTON. [illegible] [illegible] Only $25.00

Heavy Metal Books, Dept. HM 12/77
635 Madison Ave. New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send the book(s) circled below:

[illegible] Heavy Metal Books

[illegible]

9101 9102 9103 9104 9105 9106

Name:

Address:

City: State: Zip:

I was busy translating one of my *Madrigals Macabre* into Martian on the morning [illegible] was [illegible] acceptable. The intercom had buzzed briefly, and I'd [illegible] a general [illegible] flipped [illegible] toggle switch.

Master C[illegible] piped Morton's youthful contralto into the speaker. "The old man says I should get hold of the [illegible] interstellar dossier right away. He sent him to me about. Since [illegible] the only [illegible] who [illegible] this [illegible]

Let not ambition mock [illegible] I can [illegible]

So the Martians had finally made up their minds.

The entire month's anticipation tried hard to crowd itself into the moment, but really not quite make it. I was frightened to walk those forty feet and hear Emory say the words into that feeling elbowed the other one into the background.

So I finished the stanza I was translating before I got up. It took only a moment to reach Emory's door. I knocked twice, just as he growled, "Come in."

"You wanted [illegible] me?"

"That was fast. What did you do, run?"

Little forty flecks beneath pale eyes, thinning hair, and an Irish nose, a rather decided broader than anyone else's.

Hamlet to Claudius [illegible] was working.

Ish!" he snorted. "Come off it. Nature's never seen you do any [illegible] if that stuff I shrugged my shoulders and started to rise.

Sit down!" He stood up.

He walked around his desk. He hovered above me and glared down. A hard trick even when I'm in a low chair.

"You are undoubtedly the most antagonistic bastard I've ever had to work with! I'm willing to admit you're smart, maybe even a genius, but—oh hell!"

He made a heaving gesture with both hands and walked back to his chair.

Betty has finally talked them into letting you go in. Draw one of the geepsters after lunch.

I nodded, got to my feet. My hand was on the doorknob when he said, "I don't have to tell you how important this is. Don't treat them the way you treat us."

I closed the door behind me.

I was nervous, but I knew instinctively that I wouldn't snuff it. My Boston publishers expected a Martian idyll, or at least a Saint-Exupéry grit-on-planet flight. The National Scientific Association wanted a complete report on the Rise and Fall of the Martian Empire. I knew they would not be pleased.

Inside the cave to our rear barn, drew one geepster and headed it toward Fitzliar.

Plumes of sand, lousy with iron oxide, set fire to the buggy. They swarmed over the open top and bit through my search; they set to work pitting my goggles.

A Rose for Ecclesiastes

Zelazny/Morrow

Suddenly I was heading uphill and I shifted gears to accommodate the engine's bravery. I reached the crest of the hill. I had moved too much dust to see what was ahead, but I have a head full of maps so I bore to the left and downhill, adjusting the throttle. I rounded a rock pagoda and arrived. Betty waved as I crunched to a halt. Then jumped down.

"Hi," I choked, unwinding my scarf. "Where do I go and who do I see?"

I looked at her chocolate-hair eyes and perfect teeth, at her sun-bleached hair close-cropped to the head and decided that she was in love with me.

"Mr. Gallinger the Matriarch is waiting inside," she exclaimed. She consented to open the Temple records to your study. She paused here to eat her hair. Did my gaze make her nervous?

"They are religious documents as well as their only history," she continued, sort of like the Mahabharata. She expects you to observe certain rituals in handling them, like repeating the sacred words when you turn pages. She will teach you the system."

nodded quarkly several times.

"Uh-" She paused. "Do not forget their Eleven Forms of Politeness and Degree. They take matters of form quite seriously, and do not get into any discussions over the equality of the sexes."

"I know all about these taboos," I broke in. "Don't worry. I've lived in the Orient, remember?"

She dropped her eyes and seized my hand. "It will look better if I were leading you."

I swallowed my comments and went inside.

The Matriarch, M'Cwvie, was short, white-haired, Idvish, and dressed like a Gypsy queen. Accepting my obeisances, she regarded me as an owl might a rabbit. The orbs of those black eyes jumped as she discovered my perfect accent. "You are the poet?"

"Yes," I replied.

She turned to Betts. "You may go now."

Betts muttered the parting formalities, gave me a strange sidewise look, and was gone. She apparently had expected to stay and assist me. But I was the Schliemann at this Troy, and there would be one name on the Association report.

M'Cwvie rose. "Our records are very, very old," she began. "Your word for their age is millennia."

"I'm very eager to see them."

"We will have to go into the Temple—they may not be removed."

I was wary. "You have no objections to my copying them, do you?"

"No, I see no reason why you respect them, or your desire would not be so great."

"Excellent." She seemed amused. I asked her what was funny.

"The High Tongue may not be so easy for a foreigner to learn."

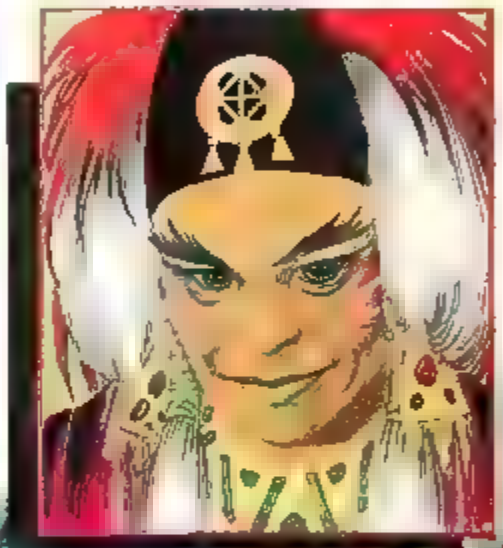
It came through fast. No one on the first expedition had gotten this close. I had had no way of knowing that this was a double-language deme—a classical as well as a vulgar. I knew some of the Prakrit now; had to learn all their Sanskrit. Ouch! and eatrip!

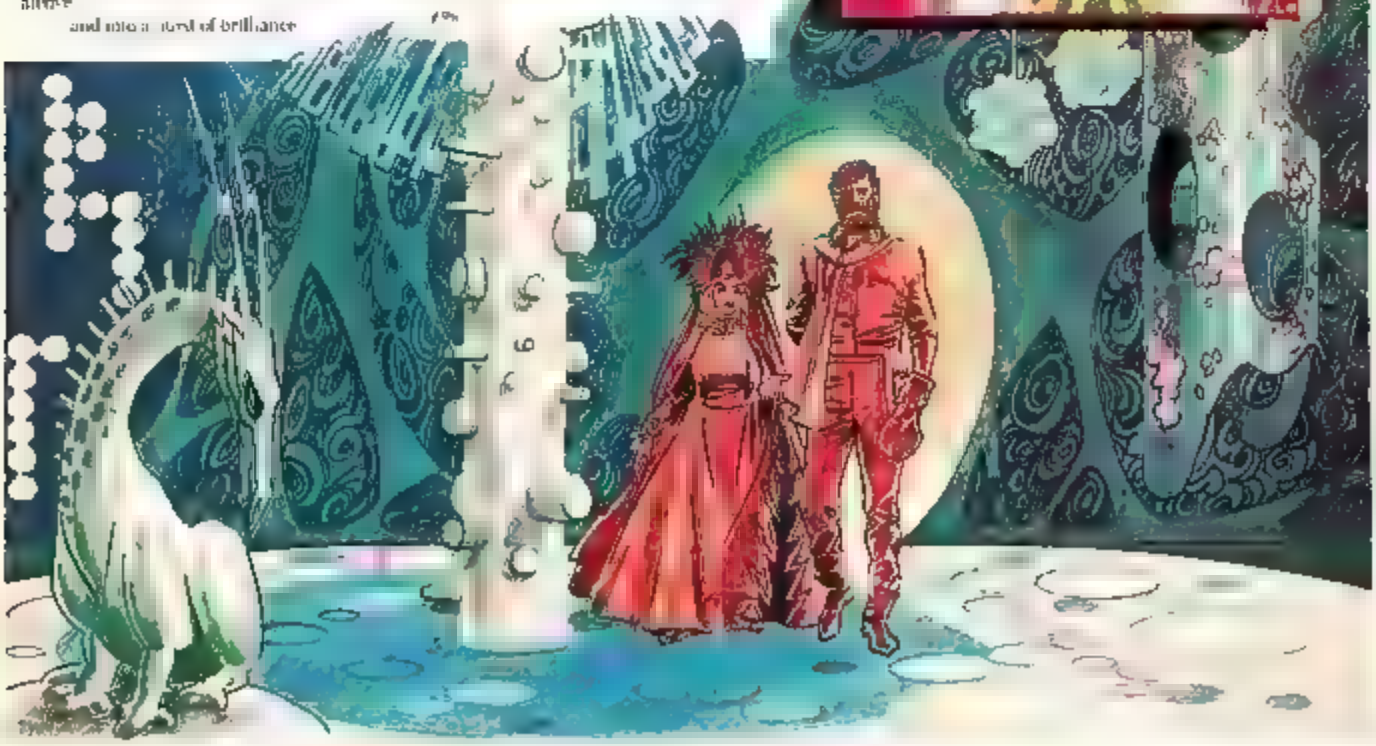
"Pardon, please?"

"It's not translatable," M'Cwvie. "But imagine yourself having to learn the High Tongue in a hurry, and you can guess at the sentiment."

She seemed amused again, and told me to remove my shoes. She guided me through an alcove

and into a forest of brilliance.





We had had no idea this existed. Hardly. I cast my eyes about. A highly sophisticated system of esthetics lay behind the decor. We would have to revise our current estimation of Martian culture.

I leaned forward to study a ceremonial table loaded with books.

With my toe I traced a mosaic on the floor.

"Is your culture city within this one building?"

Yes, it goes far back into the mountain.

I see," I said, seeing nothing.

Shall we begin your friendship with the High Tongue?"

I was trying to photograph the hall with my eyes knowing I would have to get a camera in here somehow, sooner or later.

I sat down.

For the next three weeks alphabet-bugs chased each other behind my eyelids whenever I tried to sleep. The sky was an unclouded pool of turquoise that rippled calligraphies whenever I swept my eyes across it.

M'Quvie tutored me two hours every morning and unreasonably for another two in the evening. I spent an additional fourteen hours a day on my own. At night, the elevator of time dropped me to its bottom floors.

I was six again, learning my Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Aramaic. I was left sneaking peeks at the *Iliad*. When Daddy wasn't spreading hellfire-brimstone and brothers love, he was teaching me to dig the Word, like in the original.

On the day the new graduates roam high school, with the French, German, Spanish and Latin awards, Jud Gallagher had lent his fourteen-year-old, six-foot scarecrow of a son that he wanted him to enter the ministry. I remember how his son was envious.

"Sir," he had said, "I'd sort of like to study on my own for a year or so, and then take pre-theology courses at some liberal arts university. I feel I'm still sort of young to try a seminary straight off."

"But you have the gift of tongues, my son. You were born to be a missionary. You say you are young, but time is rushing by you like a whirlwind. Start early."

I can't see his face now. I never can. Maybe it is because I was always afraid to look at it then.

Years later, when he was dead, I looked at him and did not recognize him.

We had met nine months before my birth, this stranger and I. He had never been cruel, stern, demanding, with contempt for everyone's shortcomings, but never cruel. He had tolerated my three years at St. John's, possibly because of its name, never knowing how liberal and delightful a place it really was.

But I never knew him, the man atop the catafalque demanded nothing now. I was free not to preach the Word. But now I wanted to, in a different way.

I did not return for my senior year at the Fair. I had a small inheritance coming, and a bit of trouble getting control of it since I was still under eighteen. But I managed.

It was Greenwich Village I finally settled upon.

Not telling my well-meaning parishioners my new address, I entered into a daily routine of writing poetry and teaching myself Japanese and Hindustani. I grew a very dear, drank espresso, and learned to play chess.

After that, it was two years in India with the old Peace Corps which broke me of my Buddhism and gave me my *Pipes of Krishna* lyrics and the Pulitzer they deserved.

Then back to the States for my degree, grad work in linguistics and more prizes.

Then one day a ship went to Mars. The vessel settling in its New Mexico nest of fires contained a new language. It was fantastic exotic and esthetically overpowering. After I had learned all there was to know about it, and written my book, I was curious to new circles.

"Go, Gallagher. Dip your bucket in the well, and bring us a drink of Mars. Go learn another world that remains aloof, real, at it gently, like Auden, and hand us its soul in samples."

I came to be here where the sun is a tarnished penny, where the wind is a whip, where two moons play at hot rod games, and a hill of sand gives you the incendiary itches whenever you look at it.

I rose from my twistings on the bunk and crossed the darkened cabin to a port.

I had the High Tongue by the tail already—or the roots, if you want your puns anatomical, as well as correct. The High and Low Tongues were not so dissimilar as they had first seemed. I had enough of the one to get me through the murkier parts of the other. The dictionary I was constructing grew by the day, like a tulip, and would bloom shortly. Every time I played the tapes the stem lengthened.

Now was the time to tax my ingenuity. I had purposely refrained from plunging into the major texts until I could do justice to them. I had been reading minor commentaries, bits of verse, fragments of history—and one thing had impressed me strongly in all that I read.

They wrote about concrete things: rock, sand, water, winds, and the tenor couched within these elements' symbols was fiercely pessimistic. It reminded me of some Buddhist texts, but even more so, I realized from my recent *recherches*, it was like parts of the Old Testament. Specifically, it reminded me of the Book of Ecclesiastes.

That, then, would be it. The sentiment, as well as the vocabulary, was so similar that it would be a perfect exercise. Like putting Poe into French. I would never be a convert to the Way of Malann, but I would show them that an Earthman had once thought the same thoughts, felt similarly.

I switched on my desk lamp.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity. What profit hath a man

My progress seemed to startle M'Cwyle. She peered at me, like Sartre's Other, across the tabletop. I ran through a chapter in the Book of Locar. I didn't look up, but I could feel the light as her eyes were working about my head, shoulders, and raised hands. I turned another page.

They said that life had gotten underway in inorganic matter. They said that movement was its first law, its first law, and that the dance was the only legitimate reply to the inorganic—the dance's quality its justification,—fication—and love is a disease in organic matter—Inorganic matter?

I shook my head. I had almost been asleep.

M'narra.

I stood and stretched. Her eyes outlined me greedily now. So I met them, and they dropped.

"I grow tired. I want to rest awhile. I didn't sleep much last night."

"You wish to relax, and see the explicitness of the doctrine of Locar in its fullness?"

"Pardon me?"

"You wish to see a Dance of Locar?"

"Oh." Their damned circuits of form and paraphrasis here ran worse than the Korean! "Yes. Surely. Any time it's going to be done I'd be happy to watch."

"Now is the time. Sit down. Rest. I will call the musicians."

She bustled out through a door I had never been past.

Well, now, the dance was the highest art, according to Locar, not to mention Havelock Ellis, and I was about to see how their centuries-dead philosopher felt it should be conducted.

To the trio who entered with M'Cwyle I must have looked as if I were searching for the marbles I had just lost, bent over like that.

I grinned weakly and straightened up, my face red from more than exertion. I hadn't expected them *that* quickly.

Suddenly I thought of Havelock Ellis again in his area of greatest popularity. The little red-headed doll wearing, sari-like, a diaphanous piece of the Martian sky looked up in wonder—as a child at some colorful flag on a high pole.

"Hello," I said, or its equivalent.

"I shall dance," said the red wound in that pale, pale cameo, her face. Eyes, the color of cream and her dress, pulled away from mine.

She drifted to the center of the room.

Standing there, like a figure in an Etruscan frieze, she was either meditating or regarding the design on the floor.

Was the mosaic symbolic of something? I studied it.

The other two were paint-spattered sparrows like M'Cwyle, in their middle years.

M'Cwyle disdained her stool and was seated upon the floor before I reached it. I followed suit.

"What is the dancer's name?"

"Brasa," she replied, without looking at me, and raised her left hand, slowly, which meant yes, and go ahead, and let it begin.

The stringed-thing throbbed like a toothache, and a tick-tocking, like ghosts of all the clocks they had never invented, sprang from the block.

Brasa was a statue, both hands raised to her face, elbows high and outspread.

The music became a metaphor for fire.

Crackle, *purr, snap.*

She did not move.

The hissing altered to splashes. The cadence slowed. It was water now, the most precious thing in the world, gurgling clear then green over mossy rocks.

Still she did not move.

Glissandos. A pause.

Then, so faint I could hardly be sure at first, the tremble of the winds began. Softly, gently, sighing and halting, uncertain. A pause, a sob, then a repetition of the first statement, only louder.

Were my eyes completely bagged from my reading, or was Brasa actually trembling, all over, head to foot?

She was.

She began a microscopic swaying. A fraction of an inch right, then left. Her fingers opened like the petals of a flower, and I could see that her eyes were closed.

Her eyes opened. They were distant, glassy, looking through me and the walls. Her swaying became more pronounced, merged with the beat.

The wind was sweeping in from the desert now, falling against Tirelian like waves on a dike. Her fingers moved, then were the gusts. Her arms, slow pendulums, descended, began a counter movement.

The gale was coming now. She began an axial movement and her hands caught up with the rest of her body, only now her shoulders commenced to writhe out a figure eight.

The cyclone was twisting around those eyes, its still center. Her head was thrown back, but I knew there was no ceiling between her gaze, passive as Buddha's, and the unchanging skies.

She was a spun weather vane in the air, a clothesline holding one bright garment lashed parallel to the ground. Her shoulder was bare now, and her right breast moved up and down like a moon in the sky, its red nipple appearing momently above a fold and vanishing again.

The music slowed, settled, it had been met, matched, answered. Her garment, as if alive, crept back into the more sedate folds it originally held.

She dropped now, lower to the floor. Her head fell upon her raised knees. She did not move.

There was silence.

I sought M'Cwyle from the corner of my eye. She raised her right hand.

As if by telepathy, the girl shuddered all over and stood. The musicians also rose.

There was a flurry of color and I was alone again with M'Cwyle.

"That is the one hundred-seventeenth of the two thousand, two hundred-twenty-four dances of Locar."

I looked down at her.

"Whether Locar was right or wrong, he worked out a fine reply to the morganic."

She smiled.

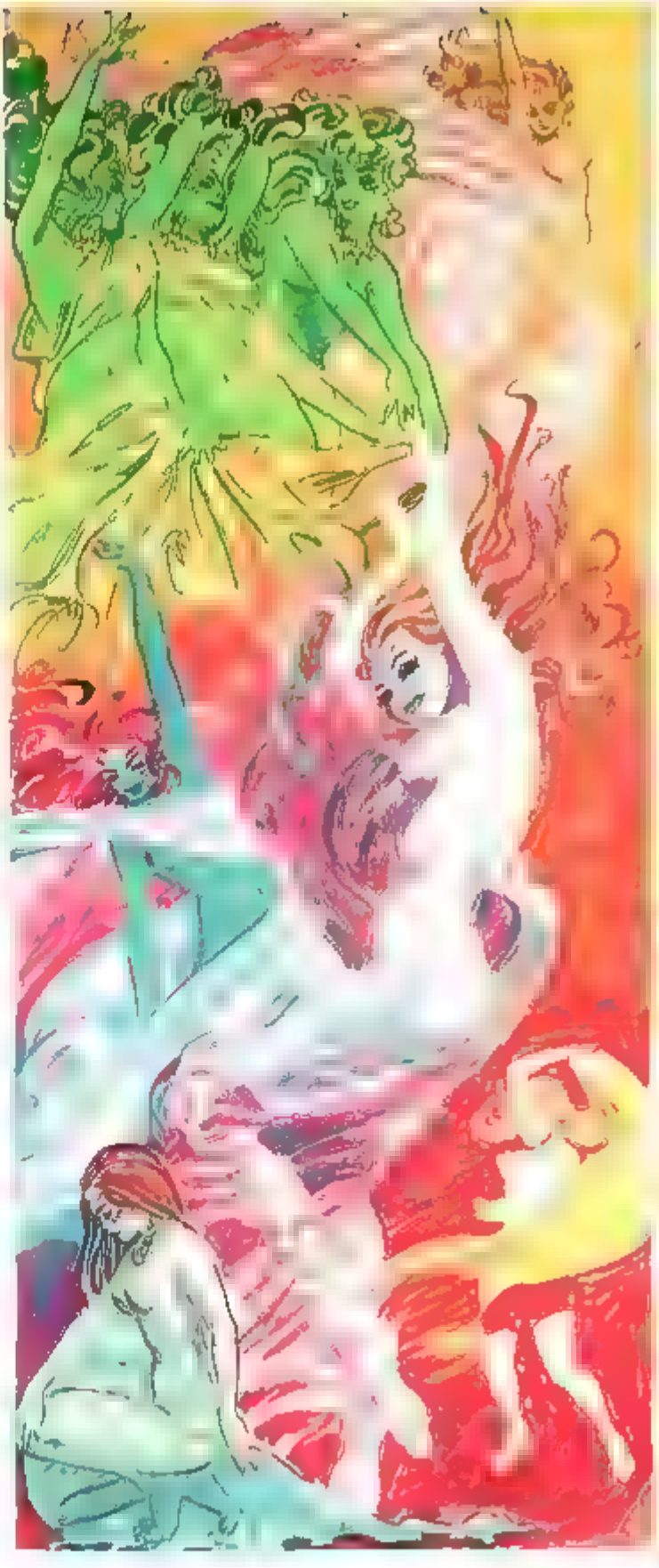
"Are the dances of your world like this?"

"Some of them are similar." I was reminded of them as I watched Brasa, but I've never seen anything exactly like hers.

"She is good," M'Cwyle said. "She knows all the dances."

A hint of her earlier expression which had troubled me. It was gone in an instant.

"I must lend my duties now." She moved to the table and closed the books. "M'narra."



I walked out the door, mounted the jeepster, and roared across the evening into night, my wings of risen desert flapping slowly behind me.

Hours later, after a brief grammar session back home, I heard the voices in the hall. My vent was opened a fraction, so I stood there and eavesdropped:

Morton's fruity treble: "Guess what? He said 'hello' to me awhile ago."

Regardless of what you think of him, it's going to take me at least a year to learn what he's picked up in three weeks. And I'm just a linguist, not a poet. That was Betty.

Morton must have been nursing a crush on her bovine charms. It's the only reason I can think of for his dropping his guns to say what he did.

"I took a course in modern poetry when I was back at the university," he began. "We read six authors—Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Crane, Stevens, and Gallinger—and on the last day of the semester, when the prof was feeling a little rhetorical, he said, 'These six names are written on the century, and all the gates of criticism and hell shall not prevail against them.'

Myself," he continued, "I thought his *Pipes of Krishna* and his *Madrigals* were great. I was honored to be chosen for an expedition he was going on, but I think he's spoken two dozen words to me since I met him."

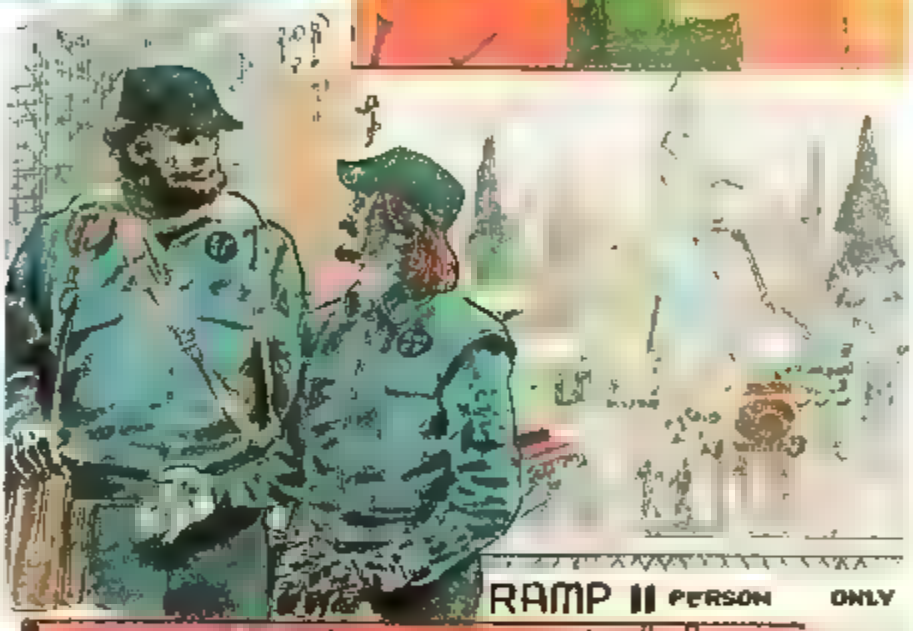
Well bless you, Morton boy. You pitiful pimple-faced, ivy-bred connoisseur! I've never taken a course in my poetry, but I'm glad someone said that. The Gates of Hell. Well now! Maybe I am a missionary after all!

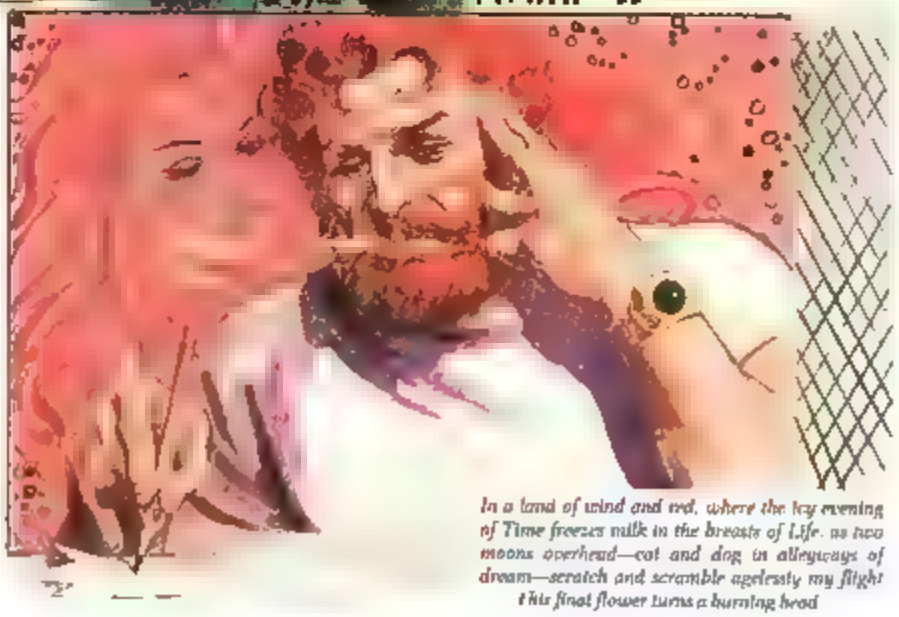
Only . . . only a missionary needs something to convert people *to*. I have my private system of esthetics, and I suppose it oozes an ethical by-product somewhere. But if I ever had anything to preach, really, even in my poems, I wouldn't care to preach it to such lowlives as you.If you think I'm a slob, I'm also a snob, and there's no room for you in my Heaven. It's a private place, where Swift, Shaw, and Petronius Arbiter come to dinner.

And oh, the feasts we have! The Trimalchio's, the Lucullan's we dissect!

We finish you with the soup, Morton!

I turned and settled at my desk. I wanted to write something. Ecclesiastes could take a night off. I wanted to write a poem about the one hundred-seventeenth dancer of Lucan about a rose following the light traced by the wind, sick, like Blake's rose, dying. . . . I found a pencil and began. I called it *Nexus*.





In a land of wind and red, where the icy evening of Time freezes milk in the breasts of Life, as two moons overhead—cat and dog in alleyways of dream—scratch and scramble aglessly my flight this final flower turns a burning head

When I showed my poem to M'Cuyle the next day she read it through several times, very slowly.

"... is lovely," she said. But what is 'flower'?"

Oh. I said. I've never come across your term for 'flower' but I was actually thinking of an Earth flower, the rose.

What is it like?

Its petals are generally bright red. That's what I meant on one level, by 'burning breasts'. I also wanted it to imply fever, thought, and evil, and the fire of life. The rose itself has a coarse stem, green leaves, and a pleasing aroma.

I wish you could see one.

I suppose it could be arranged if you check.

Do it please. You are a... She used the word for prophet... a religious poet like Isaiah or Jesus or Mohammed, but there is required. I shall tell Brass of it.

I declined the nomination, but felt flattered.

This, besides, was the strategic flaw, the one on which to ask where a rose might bring in the interest for machine and spare camera.

She surprised me by agreeing immediately, but she smiled me over with her invitation.

Would you like to come and stay here while you do this thing?" she asked the humorless.

"Good. Bring your machines when you want, and I will show you a room."

Then I will go now and get things ready. Until this afternoon.

I anticipated a little trouble from Eames, but not much. Every time a ship was assigned to see the Martians, pole vaults, the Martians, and them about Martian climate, diseases, politics, and mushrooms, and only four of these had actually gotten to see them. The crew had been spending most of its time excavating dead canals and shear and painting. I figured I would need with little resistance and I got it right. In fact, I got the distinct impression that every one was happy to see me move out.

stopped at the lift to speak with our mushroom cousins. One of my few friends aboard.

"If Kane Gray and toadstools in the same cell."

He sniffed. "It always smells. Maybe he's allergic to plants."

"Hello, Gattinger. No, I haven't had any success with the toadstools."

"Say, come down to ask you one more time, I want a rose."

"A what?"

"A rose. You know, a nice red American Beauty job."

"I don't think it will take at this soil. Stuff stuff."

"No, you don't understand. I don't want to plant it. I just want the flowers."

"I'd have to use the antiseptic to scrub it to tasteless dome. It would take at least three months if you don't mind the wait."

"No, it's all right. In fact, three months will just make it before we leave. I hope about at the pools of crawling slime... I'm moving up to Trudhan for a while, and I'll be in and out all the time. We have to get it blooming."

0

My quarters in the Citadel of Tirellian were eleventh adjacent to the Temple so I unpacked and took sixteen 35 mm. shots before starting on the books.

I took stats until I was sick of turning pages without knowing what they said. Then I started translating a work of history.

In the thirty-seventh year of the Protectorate of Cillen the rains came, which gave rise to rejoicing, for it was a rare and unheard occurrence, and commonly construed a blessing.

But what fell was the blood of the universe spurting from an artery and the last days were upon us. The final dance was to begin.

The rains brought the plague that was not kill, and the last poems of Locar began with their drumming.

I asked myself what the hell Tamar meant, for he was an historian and supposedly committed to fact. This was not their Apocalypse.

Unless they could be one and the same.

Tirellian's handful of people were the remnant of what had obviously been a highly developed culture. They had had wars but no holocausts: science, but little technology. A plague, a plague that did not kill...? Could that have done it? How if it wasn't fatal?

I read on, but the nature of the plague was not discussed. *M'Cuyvie! M'Cuyvie! When I want to question you most, you are not around!*

I must have been asleep for several hours when Brana entered my room with a tiny lamp.

"I have come," she said, "to hear the poem."

"What poem?"

"Yours."

I yawned, sat up, and did things people usually do when awakened in the middle of the night to read poetry.

"That is very kind of you, but isn't the hour a little awkward?"

"I don't understand," she said.

"Someday I am going to write an article in the *Journal of Semantics* called 'Taste & Voice: An Insufficient Vehicle for Irony.' I grabbed my robe.

"What sort of animal is that?" she asked, pointing at the silk dragon on my robe.

"Mythical," I replied. "Now look, it's late. I am tired and M'Cuyvie just might get the wrong idea if she learns you were here."

"Wrong idea?"

"You know, damned well what I mean! It was the first time I had an opportunity to use Martian profanity, and it failed."

"No," she said. "I do not know."

She wrapped, tightened the puppy-bear so it did not without knowing what it has done wrong.

"I intended there was [illegible] meant to upset [illegible] Oh my word! There are [illegible] people of different sex alone together in bedrooms, and not allied by marriage. Um, I mean, you see what I mean?"

"No." They were jade, her eyes.

"Well, it's sort of... well, it's sex. That's what it is."

A light was switched on in those jade lamps.

"Oh, you mean having children!"

"Yes. That's it! Exactly."

She laughed. It was the first time I had heard laughter in Tirellian. It sounded like a violinist striking his high strings with the bow in short little chops. When she had finished she moved closer.

remember now," she said. "Half a Process ago, when I was a child, we had such rules. But there is no need for them now."

My mind moved like a tape recorder played at triple speed. "Half a Process. No? Yes." Half a Process was two hundred-forty-three years.

Time enough to learn the 224 dances of Locar.

Time enough to grow old, if you were human.

Earthborn or human. I mean.

I looked at her again, pale as the white queen in an ivory chess set. She was human. I'd stake my immortal, normal health. I'd stake my life. Woman, my body.

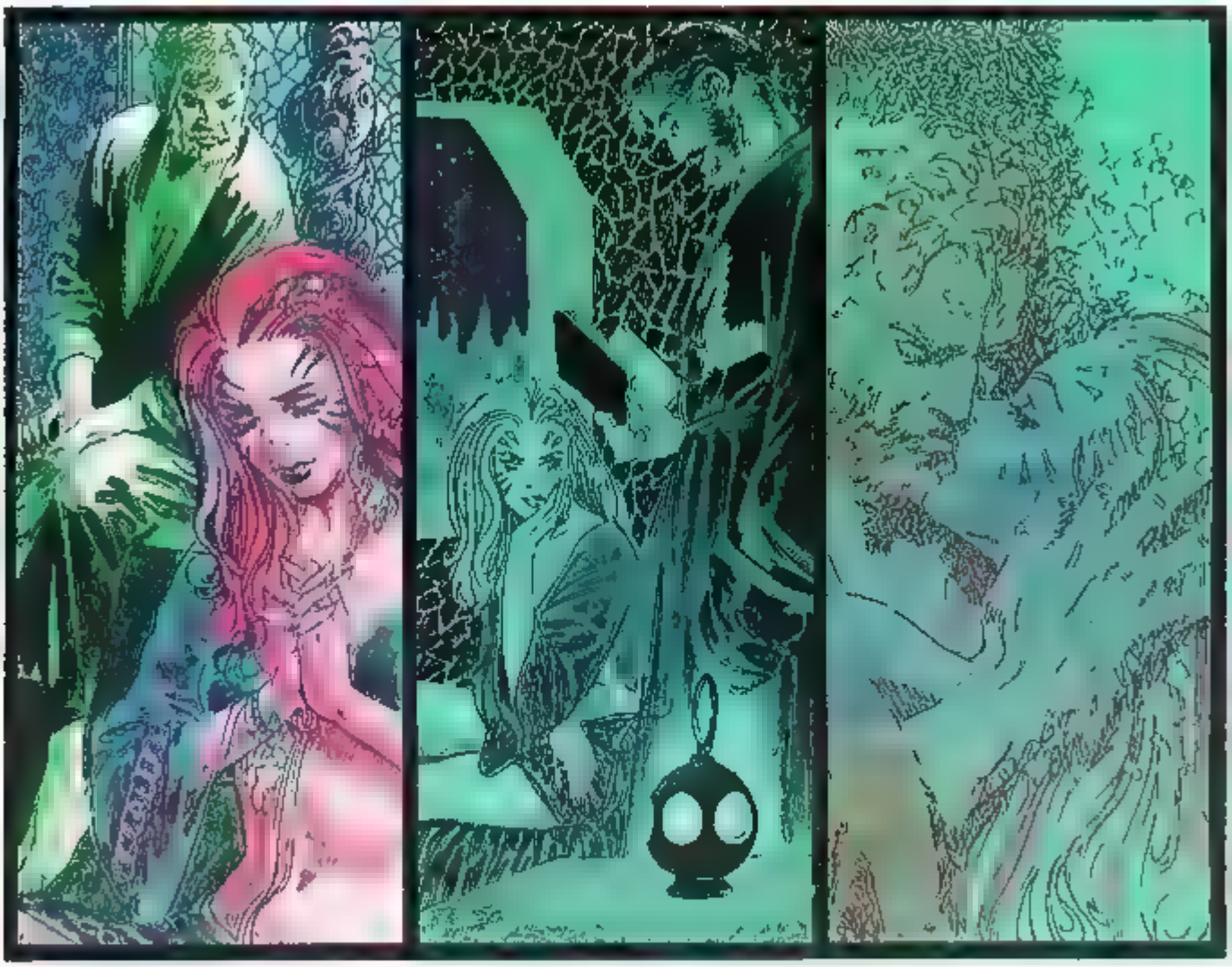
But she was two and a half centuries old, which made M'Cuvie Methuselah's grandma. It flattered me to think of their repeated compliments to my skills.

But what did she mean? "There is no such need for them now?" Why the near-hysteria? Why all those funny looks I'd been getting from M'Cuvie? I knew I was close to something important.

Tell me," I said, in my Casual Voice, "does it have anything to do with the plague that does not kill, of which Tamur wrote?"

"Yes," she replied, "the children born after the Rains could have no children of their own, and—

And what?" I was leaning forward, memory set at record.



ance. She seemed to desire to get away.

I sagged backward against the redpost. Rains stopped menstruate impotence following phenomenal weather. Bird sperm. Baghdad cloud of radioactive junk from God knows where penetrated our weak atmosphere one day? Long before Schiaparelli saw the canals, mythical as my dragon, before these "canals" had given rise to some correct guesses for all the wrong reasons, had Braxa been alive, dancing, here—damned in the words since blind Milton had written of another paradise, equally lost?

"Tell me your poem now."

An idea hit me.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I may have something better."

I got up and rummaged through my notebooks, then I returned and sat beside her.

"These are the first three chapters of the Book of Ecclesiastes," I explained. "It is very similar to your own sacred books." I started reading.

I got through eleven verses before she cried out. "Please don't read that! Tell me one of yours!"

I stopped and tossed the notebook onto a nearby table. She was shaking, not as she had quivered that day she danced as the wind, but with the jitter of unshed tears. I put my arm about her shoulders.

"He is so sad," she said. "Like all the others."

So I twisted my mind like a bright ribbon, folded it, and tied the crazy Christmas knots I love so well. From German to Martian, with love. I did an impromptu paraphrase of a poem about a Spanish dancer. I thought it would please her. I was right.

"Ooh," she said again. "Did you write that?"

"No, it's by a better man than I."

"I don't believe you. You wrote it."

"No, a man named Rilke did."

"But you brought it across to my language. Light another match, so I can see how she danced."

I did.

"The fires of forever," she mused, "and she stamped them out, with small, firm feet. I wish I could dance like that."

"You're better than any Gypsy." I laughed, blowing out.

"No. I'm not. I couldn't do that."

"Do you want me to dance for you?"

"No," I said. "Go to bed."

She smiled, and before I realized it, had unclasped the fold of red at her shoulder.

And every thing fell away.

I swallowed, with some difficulty.

"All right," she said.

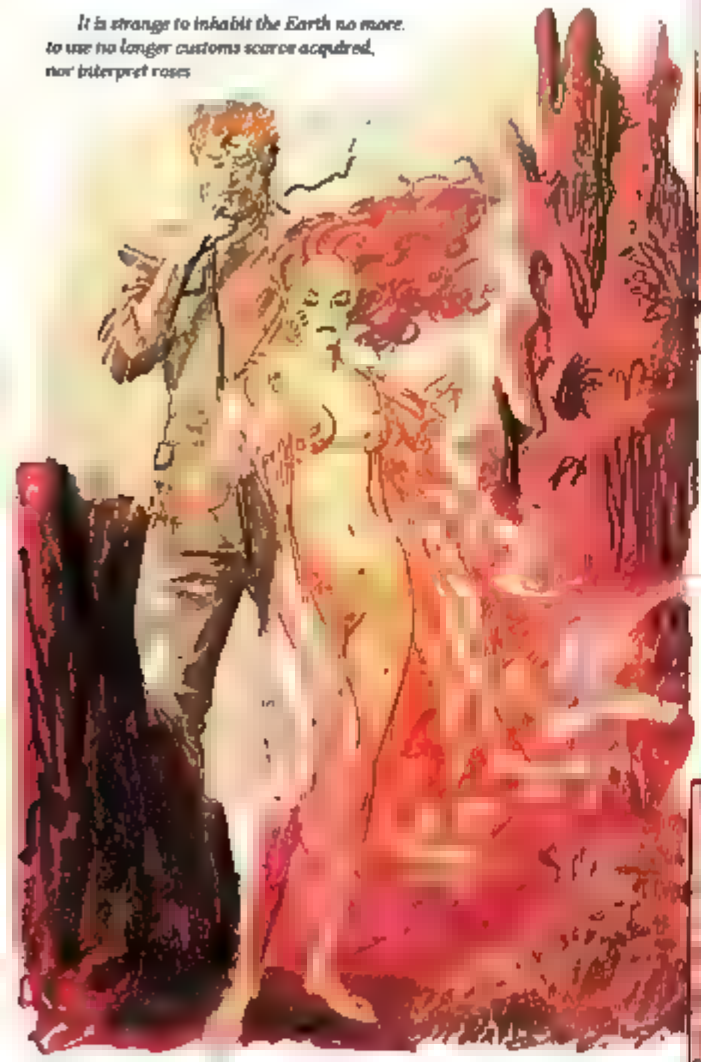
So I kissed her, as the breath of fallen cloth extinguished the lamps.

III

The days were like Shelley's leaves: yellow, red, brown, whipped in bright gusts by the west wind. Almost all the books were recorded now. It would take scholars years to properly assess their value. Mars was locked in my desk.

Ecclesiastes, abandoned and returned to a dozen times, was almost ready to speak in the High Tongue. I wrote reams of poetry I would have been ashamed of before. Evenings I would walk with Braxa, across the dunes or up into the mountains. Sometimes she would dance for me; she still thought I was Rilke: and I almost kidded myself into believing it. Here I was, staying at the Castle Duino, writing his *Elegies*

It is strange to inhabit the Earth no more,
to use no longer customs scarce acquired,
nor interpret roses



Not Never interpret roses. Don't. Smell them (sniff. Kanef), pick them, enjoy them. Live in the moment. Hold to it tightly.

The last days were upon us.

A day went by and I did not see Braxa, and a night. And a second. A third.

I was half-mad. I hadn't realized how close we had become, how important she had been. I had fought against questioning roses.

I had to ask. I didn't want to, but I had no choice.

"Where is she, M'Cwyic? Where is Braxa?"

"She is gone," she said.

"I must know."

She looked through me. "She has left us. Up in the hills, I suppose. Or the desert. It does not matter. The dance draws to a close. The Temple will soon be empty."

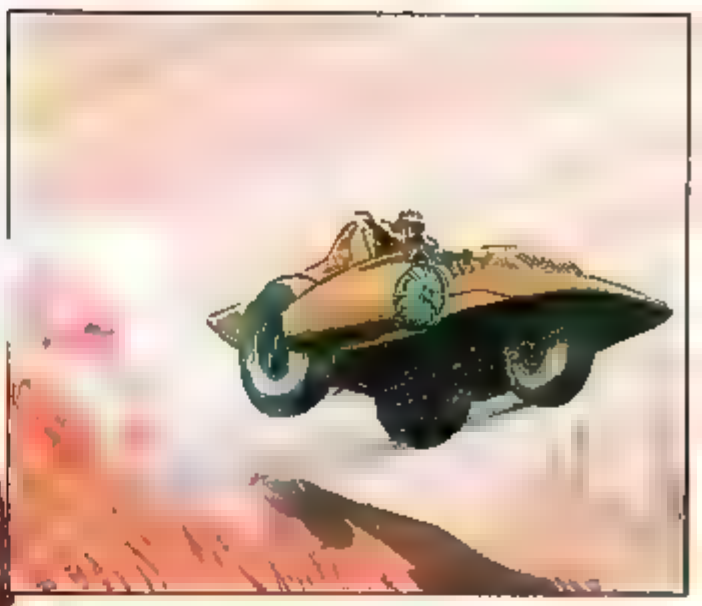
"I must see her again. We lift off in a matter of days."

"I am sorry, Gallinger."

I stood up.

"I will find her."

I left the Temple. M'Cwyic was a seated statue. My boots were still where I had left them.



All day I roared up and down the dunes, going nowhere. Finally, I had to return for more fuel. Emory came stalking out.

"Okay, make it good. Why the rodeo?"

"Why, I, uh, lost something."

"In the middle of the desert?"

"It's simply that I lost my watch. My mother gave it to me and it's a family heirloom. I want to find it before we leave."

"Humph!" he snorted. "That's a pretty strange way to look for a watch, riding up and down in a jeepster."

"I could see the sight shining off it that way," I offered, lamely.

"Well, it's starting to get dark," he observed. "No sense looking any more today."

"Throw a dust sheet over the jeepster," he directed a mechanic. He pulled my arm.

"Come on in and get a shower and something to eat. You look as if you could use both."

Little fatty flecks beneath pale eyes, thinning hair, and an Irish nose; a voice a decibel louder than anyone else's.

His only qualification for leadership!

The shower was a blessing. Tears shakes were to gain. It was to the cool smells like Heaven.
We hacked up an steak to silence. When we got the dessert it was olive he said. Then he hacking a section in his temple I might.
That's right. I was going to work on the mouth.
He shrugged his shoulders.
Health he said challenger and looked up the name on name means trouble shoulder be aroused mischievous he said but it. Betty sassy is that a girl down there.
There was no question mark. It was a statement hanging in the air. Waiting.
Betty you're a bitch.
Not. I said a statement with question mark.
So he answered it. It is my duty as head of the expedition to see that all rules are be nate

You speak of your and thoughts are abnormal. Nothing could be further from the truth. When my papers are published experts on earth will acclaim my work. I tell the tragedy of a doomed race waiting for death resigned and dreadful. I write who and it will break hard scholarly hearts all will be about it and they will give me more prizes and this time I will accept them.

Do you have a girl back there?

Yes I said. Yes implies. Yes Daddy. Yes I mean. No. But I'm going to let you in on a scholarly secret now. This researcher on the outer generation there was one I am Malthus. I paused then added.

Except in my papers except in a few pieces of mail claim and tape. And in some poems about a girl who did give a damn and could cook. Bitch about the unfairness of it all by dancing.

Do you?

After awhile. You have been relaxing internally these past couple months. You've even been down right civil on occasion. I didn't know anything mattered but dinner to you.

I rested my head.

On the reasons we were racing around the desert?

nodded.

What?

looked up. Because she's out there waiting here I don't know where or why. And I've got to find her before we go.

He leaned back opened a drawer and took out something wrapped in a towel. He unwound it. A framed photo of a woman sat in the dish.

My wife he said.

It was a [illegible] wife. [illegible] Lena Nash [illegible] Japan. She was [illegible] Japan. She was up wide. When she [illegible] was on the other side of the world. They took [illegible] Pakistan and I've never seen them since. I wish I had a photograph what better [illegible] were put on. That was long ago. You [illegible] know about it.

I'm sorry I said.

Don't be. I regret it. But [illegible] shifted on his chair and looked at me [illegible] and [illegible] her back with you don't it. [illegible] next [illegible] I've found another expedition like this one. So go ahead.

He gulped his cold coffee [illegible] and went [illegible].

I tried to say thank you twice but I couldn't. So I got up and walked out.

"Here it is, Gallinger!" I heard a shout.

I turned on my heel and looked back up the ramp. "Kane!" He was limned in the port, shadow against light, but I had heard him sniff.

I returned the few steps. "Here what is?"

Your rose.

He produced a plastic container divided internally. The lower half was filled with liquid. In the other half was a large, newly opened rose.

"Thank you," I said, tucking it into my jacket.

"Going back to Tirrilian, eh?"

"Yes."

"I saw you come aboard, so I got it ready."

"Thanks again."

"It's chemically treated. It will stay in bloom for weeks."

I nodded. I was gone.

Up into the mountains now. Early, I spotted a green unwinking star and felt a lump in my throat. The encased rose beat against my chest like an extra heart. The donkey brayed. I lashed him some more and he died. I threw the emergency brake on and got out. I began to walk.

So cold, so cold it grows. Up here. At night? Why? Why did she do it? Why flee the campfire when night comes on?

I was up, down, around, and through every chasm, gorge, and pass, with my long-legged strides and an ease of movement never known on Earth. Barely two days remain, my love, and thou hast forsaken me. Why?

I crawled under overhangs. I leaped over ridges. I scraped my knees, an elbow. I heard my jacket tear.

Stones ground underfoot and I dangled over an edge. My fingers so cold. It was hard to grip the rock. I looked down.

Twelve feet or so. I let go and dropped, landed rolling. Then I heard her scream.

I lay there, not moving, looking up. Against the night above, she called. "Gallinger!"

I lay still.

"Gallinger!" And she was gone.

I heard stones rattle and knew she was coming down some path to the right of me. I jumped up and ducked into the shadow of a boulder.

"Gallinger?"

I stepped out and seized her shoulders.

"Braxa."

She screamed again, then began to cry. It was the first time I had ever heard her cry.

"Why?" I asked. "Why?"

But she only clung to me and sobbed.

Finally, "I thought you had killed yourself."

"Maybe I would have," I said. "Why did you leave Tirrilian? And me?"

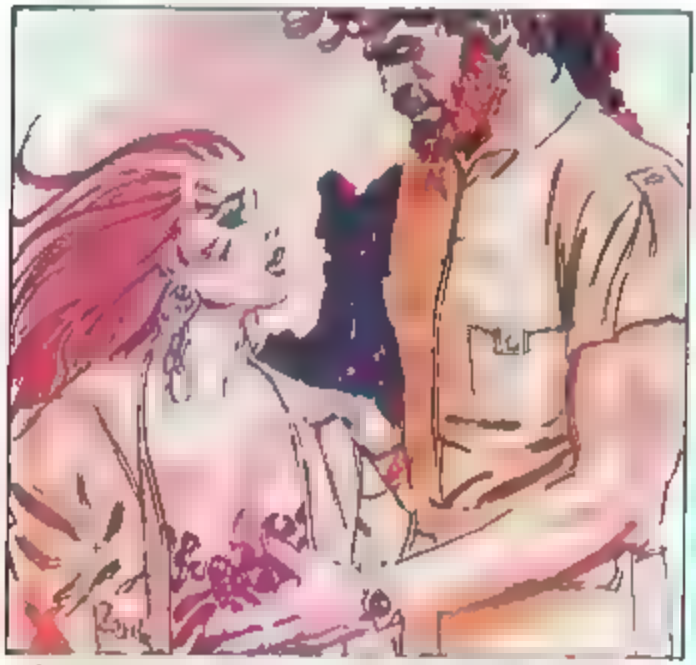
"Didn't M'Cwyie tell you? Didn't you guess?" She shook all over. then was silent for a long time. I realized suddenly that she was wearing only her flimsy dancer's costume. I pushed her from me, took off my jacket, and put it about her shoulders.

"You'll freeze to death!"

"No," she said. "I won't."

You really do not know?" she asked.

"No!"



which was enough. Because I wasn't affected apparently.

"Oh," I said. "Oh." We stood there and I thought. "Well, why did you run? What's wrong with being pregnant on Mars? Tamur was mistaken. Your people can live again."

She laughed, again that wild violin. I stopped her before it went too far.

"How?" she finally asked, rubbing her cheek.

Your people live longer than ours. If our child is normal it will mean our races can intermarry. There must still be other fertile women of your race. Why not?"

"You have read the Book of Locar," she said, "and yet you ask me that? Death was decided, voted upon, and passed, shortly after it appeared in this form. But long before, the followers of Locar knew. They decided it long ago. 'We have done all things,' they said, 'we have seen all things, we have learned and felt all things. The dance was good. Now let it end.'

You can't believe that!

What I believe does not matter," she replied. "M'Cwyie and the Mothers have decided we must die. Their very title is now a mockery, but their decisions will be upheld. There is only one prophecy left, and it is mistaken. We will die."

"No," I said.

"What, then?"

I was transferring the rose-case to my pocket.

"What is that?" she asked.

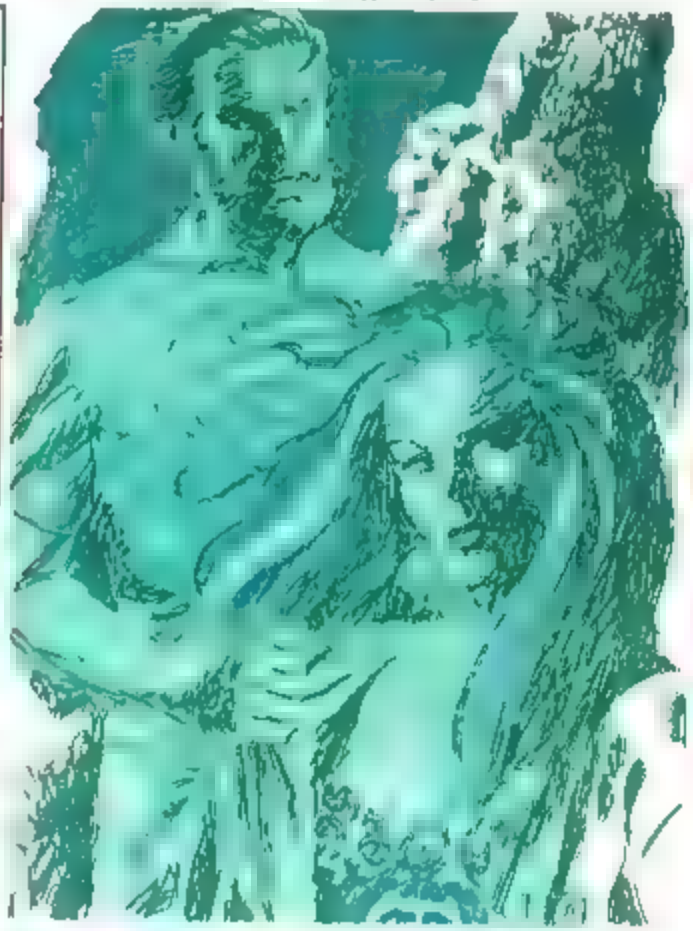
"A rose," I answered. "You can't make it out much in the dark. I once compared you to one. Remember?"

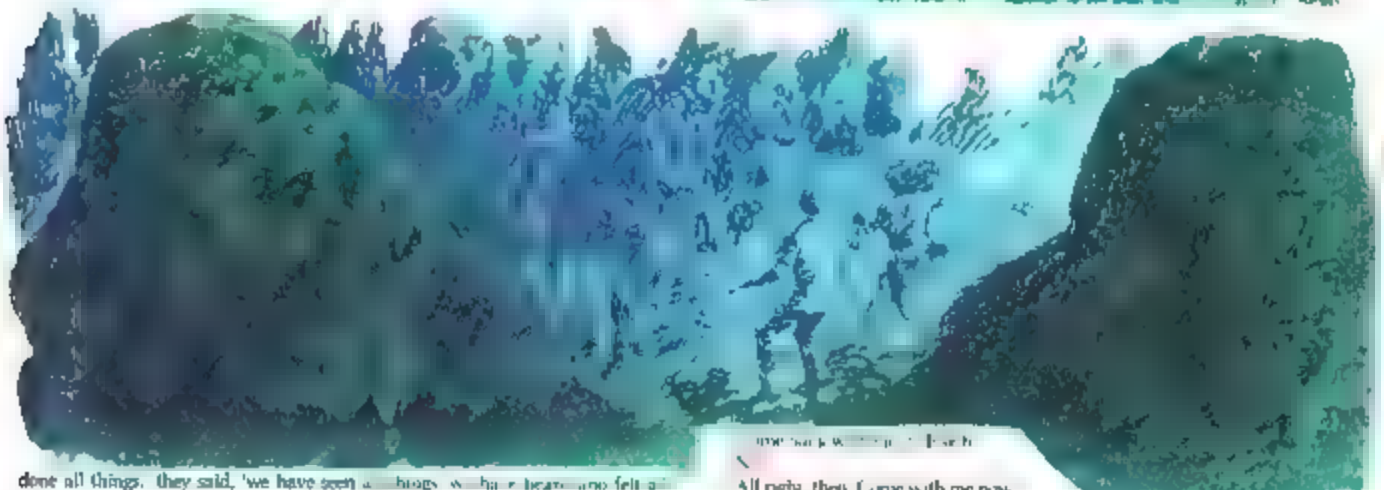
Yes. Yes. May I carry it?"

I stuck it in the jacket pocket.

"Well? I'm still waiting for an explanation."

When the Rains came," she said, "apparently only our men were affected.





"[illegible]

All right, then. Come with me now.

I'm going to talk to the Mothers.

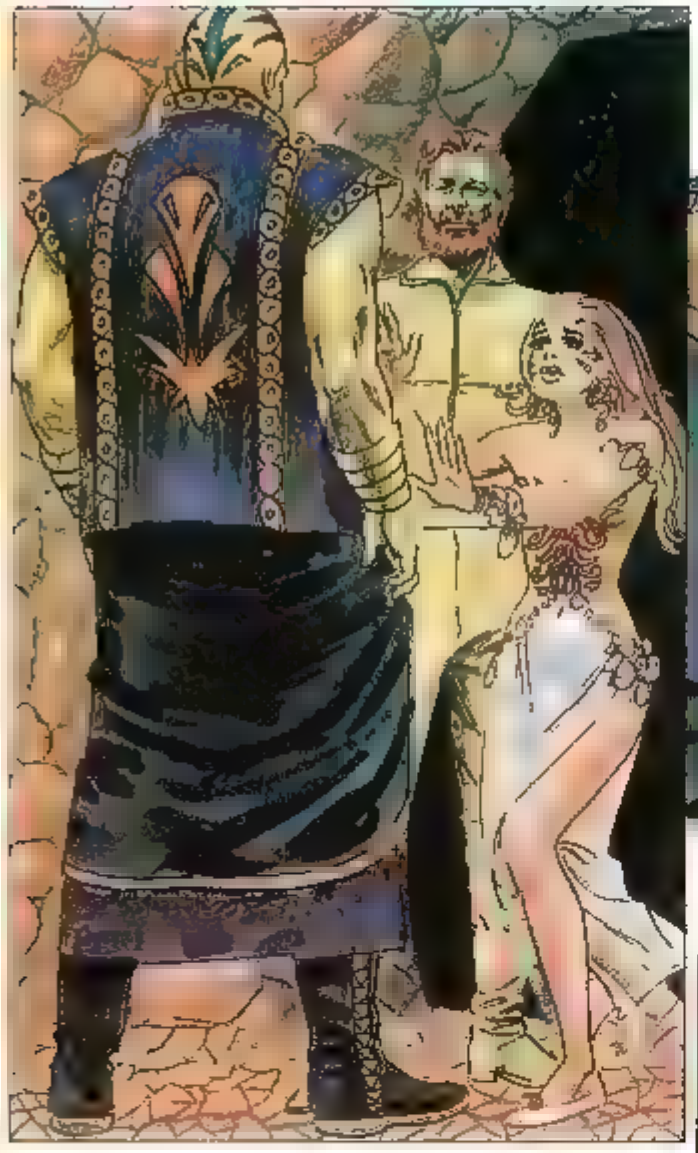
You can't! There is a Ceremony tonight!"

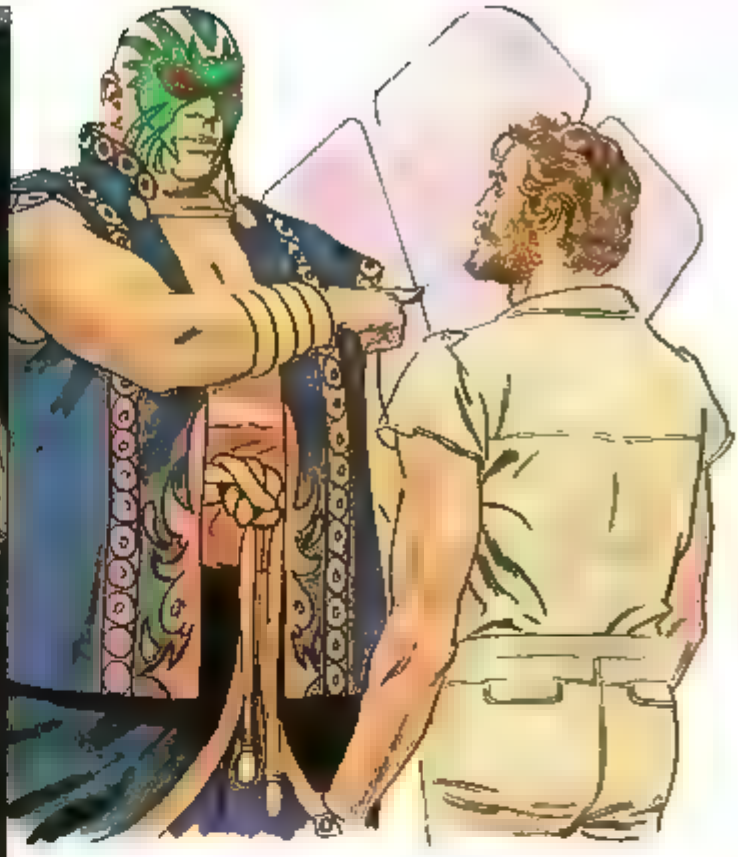
"But I am going, and you are coming with me, even if I have to carry you—and I'm bigger than you are."

But you are not bigger than Ontro."

"Who the hell is Ontro?"

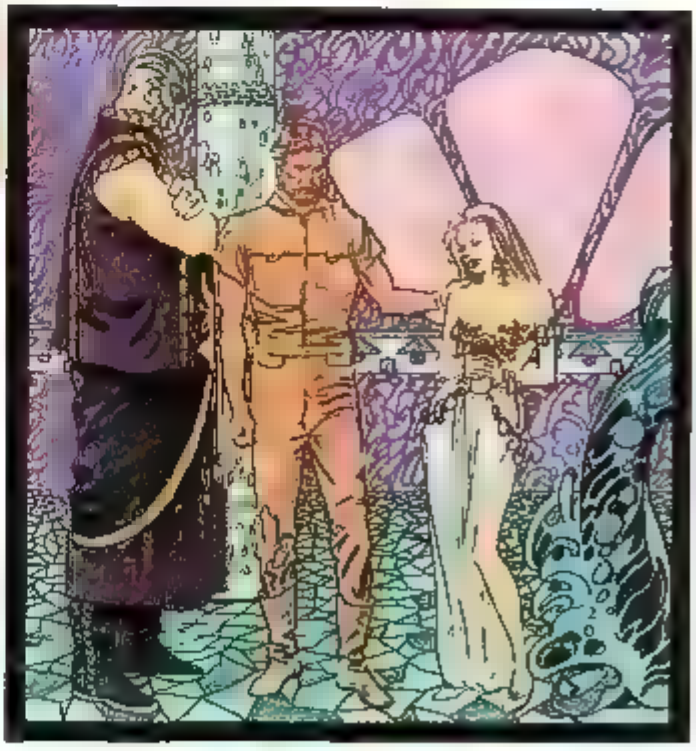
"He will stop you, Gallinger. He is the Fist of Malarn.





"Go back," he boomed. "Go home to *your* people, Gallinger. Leave us!"

If they had refined their martial arts as far as they had their dances, or worse yet, if their fighting arts were a part of the dance, I was in for trouble.



I scudded the peeper to a halt in front of the only entrance I knew, M'Cwyle's. Braxa, who had seen the rose in a headlamp, now cradled it in her lap, like our child, and said nothing.

"Are they in the Temple now?" I wanted to know.

The Madonna expression did not change. I repeated the question. She stirred. "Yes," she said, from a distance, "but you cannot go in."

I circled and helped her down.

I led her by the hand, and she moved as if in a trance. In the light of the new-risen moon, her eyes looked as they had the day I met her, when she had danced. I snapped my fingers. Nothing happened.

So I pushed the door open and led her in. The room was half-lighted.

And she screamed for the third time that evening:

"Do not harm him, Ontrot! It is Gallinger!"

I had never seen a Martian man before, only women. So I had no way of knowing whether he was a freak, though I suspected it strongly.

I looked up at him.

I had thought I was the tallest man on the planet, but he was seven feet tall and overweight. Now I knew where my giant bed had come from!

"Go back," he said. "She may enter. You may not."

"I must get my books and things."

He raised a huge left arm. I followed it. All my belongings lay neatly stacked in the corner.

"I must go in. I must talk with M'Cwyle and the Mothers."

"You may not."

"The lives of your people depend on it."

"Go on in," I said to Braxa. "Give the rose to M'Cwyle. Tell her that I sent it. Tell her I'll be there shortly."

"I will do as you ask. Remember me on Earth, Gallinger. Good-bye."

"Now will you leave?" he asked. "If you like, I will tell her that we fought and you almost beat me, but I knocked you unconscious and carried you back to your ship."

"No," I said, "either I go around you or go over you, but I am going through."

He dropped into a crouch, arms extended.

"It is a sin to lay hands on a holy man," he rumbled, "but I will stop you. Come, finger

I looked back six years. I was a student of Oriental Languages at the University

of Tokyo. I stood in a thirty-foot circle in the Kodokan, the *judogi* lashed about my high hips by a brown belt. I was *Ik-kyu*, one notch below the lowest degree of expert. I was out of shape, I knew, but I tried hard to force my mind *Ituki no kokoro*.

Somewhere out of the past, a voice said, "*Hajime*, let it begin."

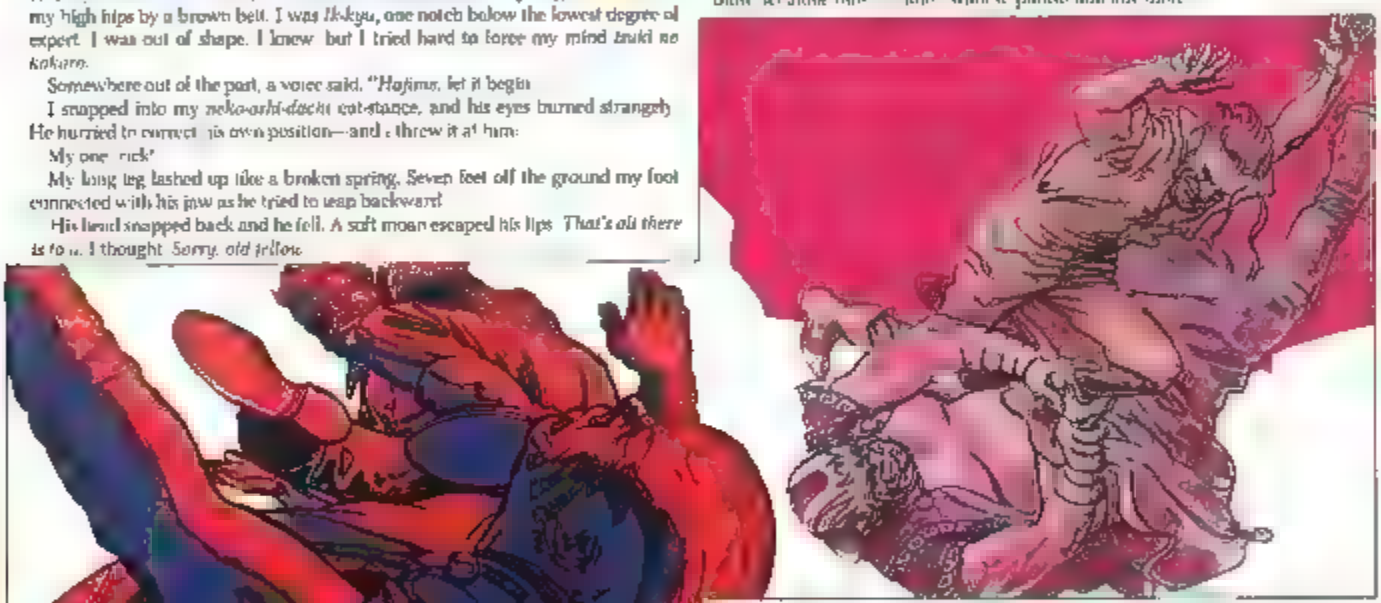
I snapped into my *neko-ashi-dachi* cat-stance, and his eyes burned strangely. He hurried to correct his own position—and I threw it at him:

My one trick!

My long leg lashed up like a broken spring. Seven feet off the ground my foot connected with his jaw as he tried to leap backward!

His head snapped back and he fell. A soft moan escaped his lips. *That's all there is to it,* I thought. *Sorry, old fellow.*

And as I stepped over him, somehow, groggily, he tripped me, and I fell across his body. I couldn't believe he had strength enough to remain conscious after that blow, so alone and [illegible] I didn't want to punish him any more.

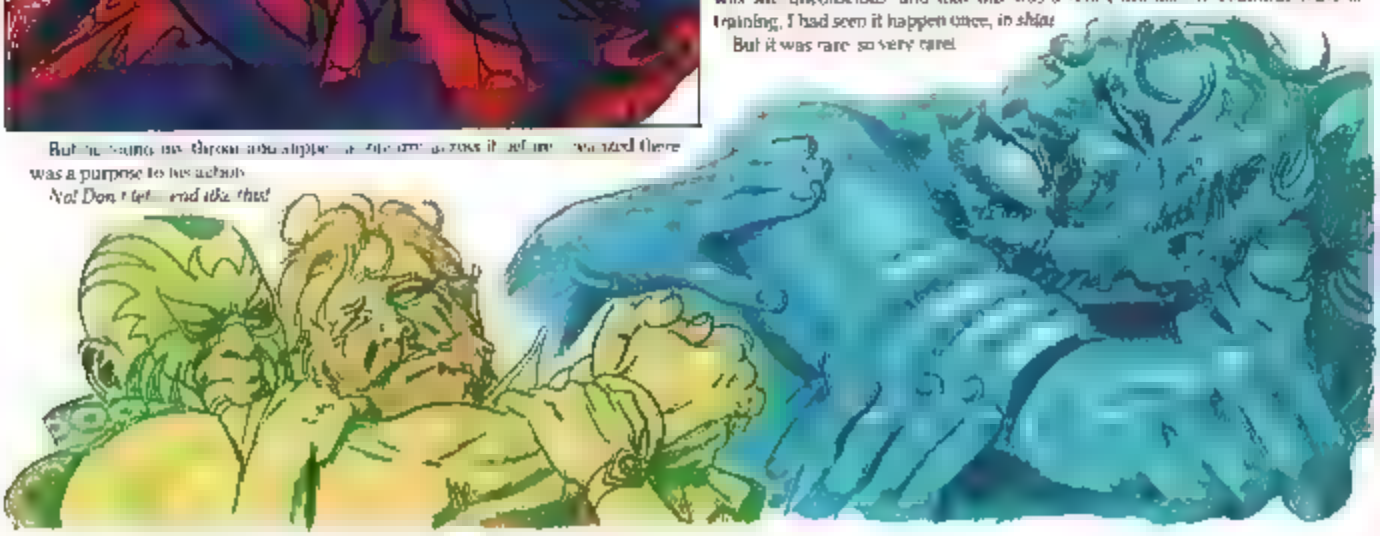


It was a bar of steel across my windpipe, my carotids. Then I realized that he was still unconscious, and that this was a reflex, useless, countless years of training. I had seen it happen once, in *shiai*.

But it was rare, so very rare!

But he came to, [illegible] across it, [illegible] wanted there was a purpose to his action.

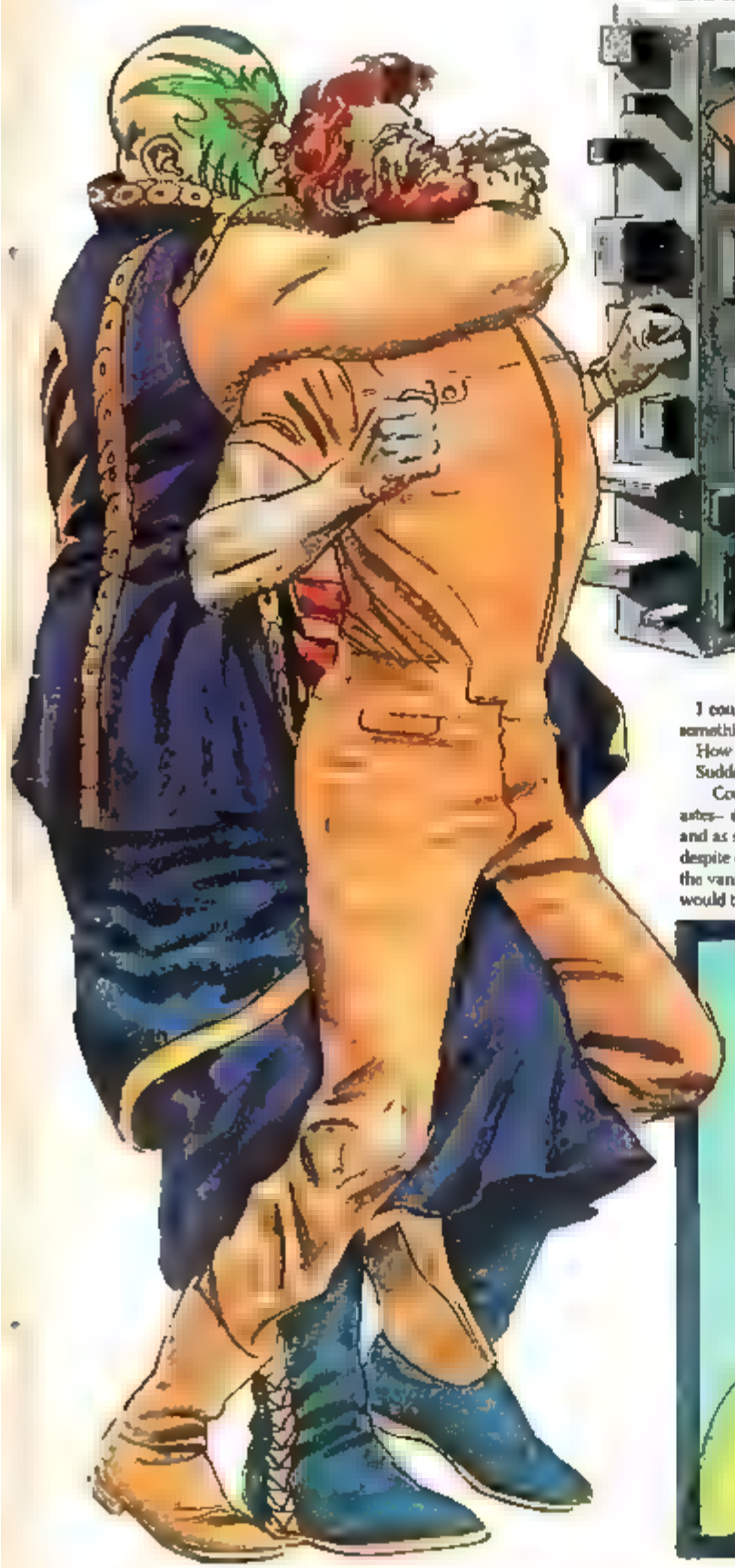
No! Don't let him end like this!

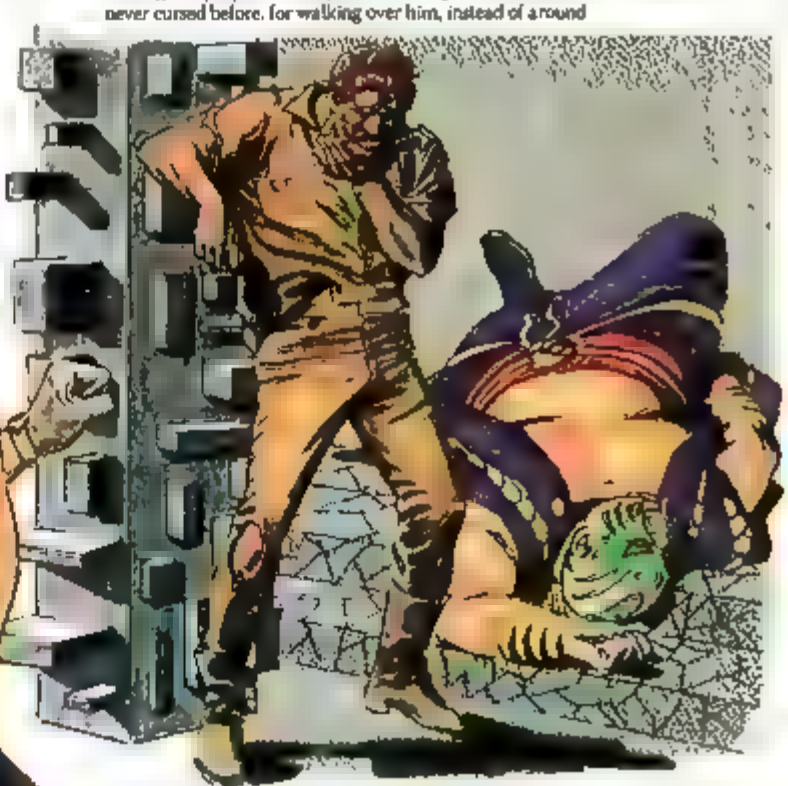


I pinioned my elbows into his ribs and threw my head back in his face. The grip eased, but not enough. I didn't want to do it, but I reached up and broke his little finger.

The arm went loose and twisted free.

He lay there panting, face contorted. My heart went out to the fallen giant, defending his people, his religion, following his orders . . . I cursed myself as I had never cursed before, for walking over him, instead of around.





I couldn't go into the Temple until I got my breath back, until I thought of something to say.

How do you talk a race out of killing itself?

Suddenly . . .

Could it happen? Would it work that way? If I read them the Book of Ecclesiastes— if I read them a greater piece of literature than any Locar ever wrote— and as somber— and as pessimistic— and showed them that our race had gone on despite one man's condemning all of life in the highest poetry—showed them that the vanity he had mocked had borne us to the Heavens—would they believe it— would they change their minds?

There was silence all about me.

M'Cwyie had been reading Locar, the rose set at her right hand, target of all eyes.

Until I entered.

Hundreds of people were seated on the floor, barefoot. The few men were as small as the women, I noted.

I had my boots on.

Go all the way, I figured. *You either lose or you win—everything!*

A dozen crones sat in a semicircle behind M'Cwyie. The Mothers.

The barren earth, the dry wombs, the fire-touched.

I moved to the table.

"Dying yourselves, you would condemn your people," I addressed them. "that they may not know the life you have known—the joys, the sorrows, the fullness. —But it is not true that you all must die." I addressed the multitude now. "Those who say this lie. Braxa knows, for she will bear a child—"

They sat there, like rows of Buddhas. M'Cwyie drew back into the semicircle.

"—my child!" I continued, wondering what my father would have thought of this sermon.

". . . And all the women young enough may bear children. It is only your men who are sterile — and if you permit the doctors of the next expedition to examine you, perhaps even the men may be helped. But if they cannot, you can mate with men of Earth.

"And ours is not an insignificant people, an insignificant place," I went on. "Thousands of years ago, the Locar of our world wrote a book saying that it was. He spoke as Locar did, but we did not lie down, despite plagues, wars, and famines. We did not die. One by one we beat down the diseases, we fed the hungry, we fought the wars, and, recently, have gone a long time without them. We may finally have conquered them. I do not know.

"But we have crossed millions of miles of nothingness. We have visited another world. And our Locar had said, 'Why bother? What is the worth of it? It is all vanity, anyhow.'

"And the secret is," I lowered my voice, as at a poetry reading, "he was right! It *is* vanity! It *is* pride!"

I was working up a sweat. I paused dizzily.

"Here is the Book of Ecclesiastes," I announced, and began:

" 'Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity. What profit hath a man . . .' "

I spotted Braxa in the back, mute, rapt.

I wondered what she was thinking.

And I wound the hours of night about me, like black thread on a spool.

Oh, it was late! I had spoken till day came, and still I spoke. I finished Ecclesiastes and continued Gallinger.

And when I finished there was still only a silence.

The Buddhas, all in a row, had not stirred through the night. And after a long while M'Cwyie raised her right hand. One by one the Mothers did the same.

I knew what that meant. It meant no, do not, cease, and stop. It meant that I had failed. I walked slowly from the room and slumped beside my baggage. Ontro was gone.

After a thousand years M'Cwyie entered.

She said, "Your job is finished."

I did not move.

"The prophecy is fulfilled," she said. "My people are rejoicing. You have won, holy man. Now leave us quickly."

"I'm not a holy man," I said, "just a second-rate poet with a bad case of hubris."

I lit my last cigarette.

Finally, "All right, what prophecy?"

"The Promise of Locar," she replied, as though the explaining were unnecessary, "that a holy man would come from the Heavens to save us in our last hours, if all the dances of Locar were completed. He would defeat the Fist and bring us life."

"How?"

"As with Brana, and as the example in the Temple."

"Example?"

"You read us his words, as great as Locar's. You read to us how there is 'nothing new under the sun.' And you mocked his words as you read them —showing us a new thing.

"There has never been a flower on Mars," she said, "but we will learn to grow them.

"You are the Sacred Scoffer," she finished. "He-Who-Must-Mock-in-the-Temple—you go shod on holy ground."

"But you voted 'no,' " I said.

"I voted not to carry out our original plan, and to let Brana's child live instead."

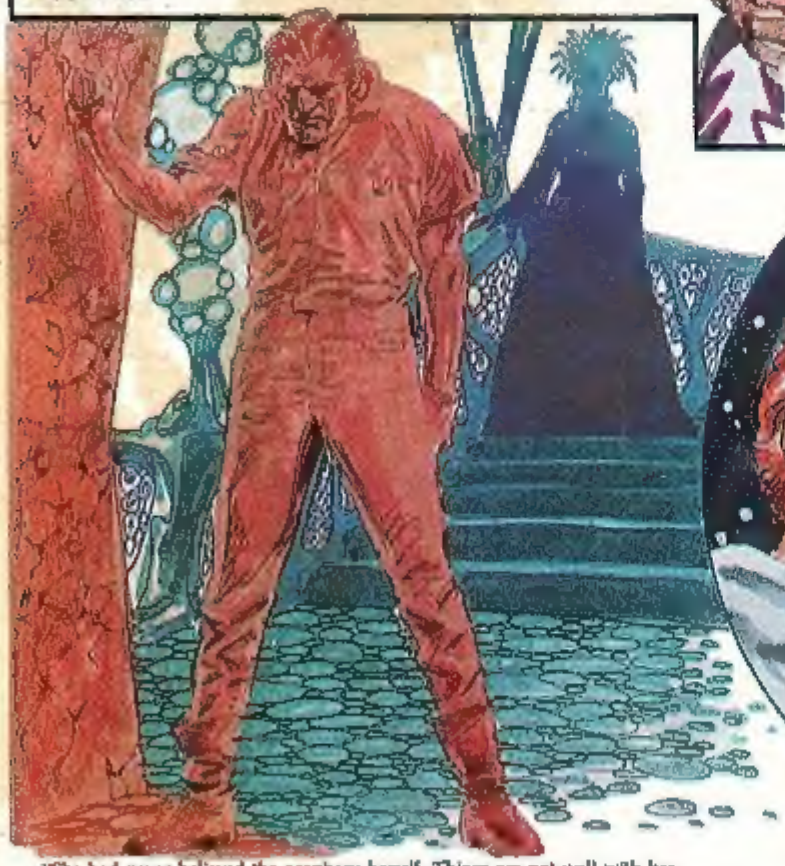
"Oh." The cigarette fell from my fingers. How close it had been! How little I had known!

"And Braxa?"

"She was chosen half a Process ago to do the dances—to wait for you."

"But she said that Ontro would stop me."

M'Cwyle stood there for a long time.



"She had never believed the prophecy herself. Things are not well with her now. She ran away, fearing it was true. When you completed it and we voted, she knew."

"Then she does not love me? Never did?"

"I am sorry, Gallinger. It was the one part of her duty she never managed."

"Duty," I said flatly. . . . Dutydutyduty! Tra-la!

"She has said good-bye, she does not wish to see you again.

". . . and we will never forget your teachings," she added.

"Don't," I said, automatically, suddenly knowing the great paradox which lies at the heart of all miracles. I did not believe a word of my own gospel.

I stood, like a drunken man, and muttered "M'narra."

I went outside, into my last day on Mars.

I left the jeepster there and walked back to the *Aspic*, leaving the burden of life so many footsteps behind me. I went to my cabin, locked the door, and took forty-four sleeping pills.

But when I awakened I was in the dispensary, and alive.

I felt the throb of engines as I slowly stood up and somehow made it to the port.

Blurred Mars hung like a swollen belly above me, until it dissolved, brimmed over, and streamed down my face.